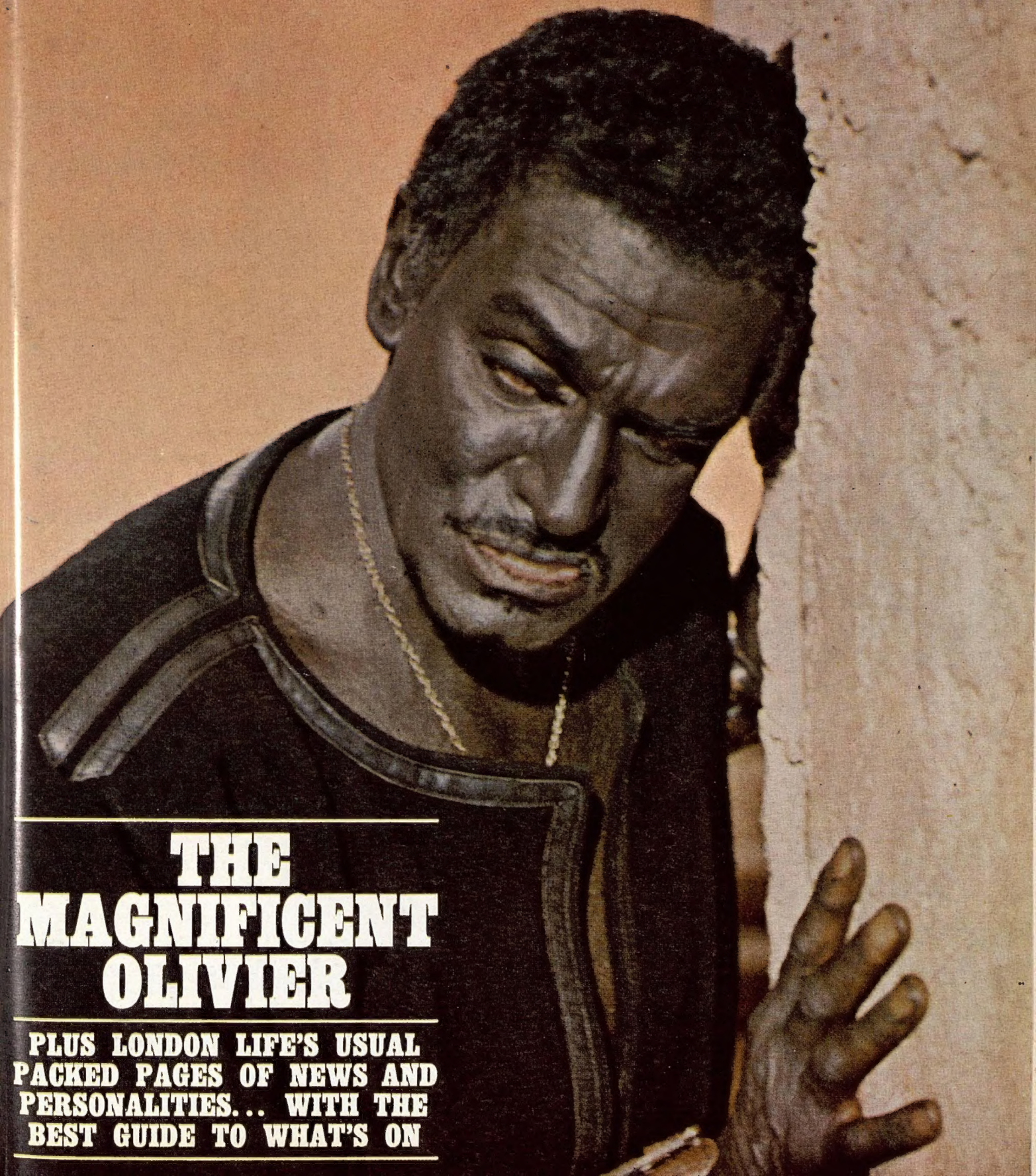
30 APRIL 1966 2s 6d

london life



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INSIDE

Swift action has followed **London Life's** revelations, six weeks ago, that a brand-new racket had grown up in London—trafficking in *LSD*, the terrifying hallucinatory drug. Within a few days the menace had been discovered and exposed anew by the *Sun*, the *People* and the *News of the World*, and most of the rest of the Press. BBC and the independent TV companies also began work on news and documentary stories about the drug, in many cases seeking the help of our reporters.

We called for a ban on dealings in LSD – and the Home Office announced it was giving the matter urgent consideration.

Now, a Home Office spokesman has told us that new Poisons Rules are being prepared, and "LSD will be included. Under the revised rules, it could only be sold to doctors or people doing research. Doctors will be able to administer it, but not prescribe it." And last Sunday's *Sunday Times* carried on its front page the news that Sandoz Products Ltd., the only legal manufacturers of the drug, are withdrawing it from all distribution.

Barbra Streisand and her husband, Elliott Gould, went to dinner at the Caprice with Michael Craig and his wife. The Goulds' appetite for life is well known: what seemed to shake the Craigs and the staff of the restaurant was their more prosaic appetite. Artichoke, soup, fish, duck, steak Diane, cheese and fruit disappeared in a steady procession. Stunned witnesses at a nearby table were overheard halfway through the fifth course remarking: "She must be eating for six."

Sultan Omar Ali Saiffudin of Brunei has just shipped from London a special purchase: it is intended to go on display as a "symbol of London" for the people of Brunei. What has he chosen? A ten-year old London taxi.

Celia Johnson and Hugh Williams are to give readings from Jane Austen at Olantigh, the beautiful Kent home of Mr William and Lady Prudence Loudon, as part of this summer's Stour Music Festival – the fourth to be held in East Kent. There will be a total of seven concerts between 23 June and 26 June, and two exhibitions.

Richard Johnson will play Bulldog Drummond, the old Sapper hero, in *Deadlier than the Male*, which starts filming at Pinewood on 23 May. Also in it will be Elke Sommer and Sylva Koschina.

continued overleaf

LONDON LIFE
INCORPORATING THE TATLER

Laurence Olivier's production of, and starring role in, Othello, have dually won international fame, both for the producer-star and the National Theatre. But how is the National Theatre coping with its new-found success? See page 32

Noël Coward's plays and musicals have been making audiences laugh for a great many years. But now he is laughing. Come to Danny La Rue's Club . . . join Noël Coward at play . . . and see in pictures how he reacts to Danny La Rue at work. Page 22

Box Hill has just seen a series of fashion shows with a distinct breakaway from the traditional kind. Our picture shows one of the lovely models who displayed the latest fashions. More about the birth of an out-of-London boutique on page 8

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PLUS! PLUS! PLUS! London Life's comprehensive guide to London's world of entertainment . . . its night life, the theatre, the cinema, music, ballet, opera, art galleries, restaurants and sports . . . beginning on page 43.

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INSIDE LONDON LIFE

continued

Although a late arrival among the thriller-heroes of the 'sixties, Drummond has been filmed time and time again – with everyone from Ronald Colman to Ray Milland via Jack Hulbert and Ron Randell playing Drummond.

Wolf Mankowitz has got himself involved in four major writing projects at once: two films, a TV play and a stage musical. Three are for Charlie Drake – who had a great success with Mankowitz' *The Battersea Miracle* on TV last month. Drake will film *Solomon's Ring* next year, wants to do *Love is Hell* on TV – both Mankowitz stories – and a Mankowitz musical version of *The Good Soldier Schweik* on stage. Also to be filmed next year is *The Red Hot Ferrari*, written by Marty Feldman and Barry Took, and at the moment being scripted by Mankowitz, Betty Box and Ralph Thomas.

Mitchell's of St James's, the luxury restaurant which closed down earlier this year, is expected to reopen shortly under new ownership. It will again be doubling as the lunchtime canteen for the "Economist," and as a high-class public restaurant in the evening.

Stirling Moss has been entertaining his German publisher, Wolfgang Dummer. Moss went ski-ing with Dummer earlier in the year, and spent much of his time falling over. He got his revenge last Saturday, when he took Dummer down to Brands Hatch and made him do a circuit in a racing car.

Peter Dominic, the Haymarket wine merchants, are organising a glamorous day-trip for some of their customers next month. On 17 May and 24 May they have chartered 67-seat Viscounts from British United. They are offering, for £12 10s all-in, a round trip to Rheims, with gourmet lunch at Royal Champagne, a drive through the vineyards, a shopping stop in Rheims itself, and unlimited champagne each way on the aircraft. So far, more than 80 per cent of the seats have gone.

James Fox, the Old Bond Street tobacconists, are having troubles with their carillon bells, the only set in London. These are played something like an organ, and they were imported from Holland last century. The problems are two – they are immediately opposite the Noise Abatement Society, who complained and stopped them being pealed every noon, and the last expert player in London died last year. Fox's say: "There is only one professional left in the country, and four amateurs. But nothing will stop us playing the bells on special occasions – even if we have to bring someone over from Holland."

Tippi Hedren is going to have quite a bill for excess baggage when she flies back to California in three weeks time: she has bought six pieces of sculpture by Eric Presket. She saw Presket's

work first at Austin Reed's in Piccadilly, liked it, went to see him in his studio, and came away with dozens of photographs, 22 sketches, and the six sculptures. Her husband, American property developer Noel Marshall, is considering using some of Presket's work in a new estate.

Abdul Ghani Chaudhry, a Pakistani tailor living in Dulwich, has just been to Hong Kong in order to design a typically British suit for a leading tailor's there, which they in their turn expect to sell in Europe. Previously they used American styles, presumably designed by Lithuanians.

N F Simpson, author of *One Way Pendulum* and *A Resounding Tinkle,* has written three half-hour sequels to *Tinkle* for the BBC, to be called *Three Rousing Tinkles*, and televised, on BBC-2, starting on 7 May. They will feature the original characters, Bro and Middie Paradock, played by Edwin Apps and Pauline Devaney, and according to Producer Stuart Allen, "We'll know whether we have succeeded in adapting Simpson's highly individual humour when the series has been on the air." The first instalment is called *The Father by Adoption of one of the former Marquis of Rangoon's Natural Granddaughters.*

Ruskin Spear, Cosmo Clark and Harold Workman finished choosing last week the paintings to be hung at the joint exhibition of Kensington and Chelsea Artists, to be held at Leighton House, Holland Park, from 13 May to 4 June. This will be the first time in the exhibition's 14-year history that the two borough councils have jointly sponsored it.

Cloakroom attendants at West End hotels are having their best spring for years according to one attendant at the Dorchester. "We had a terrible year in 1959 – the sun never stopped shining. But this spring, so far, hasn't been at all bad – everyone is still wearing their coat." At the Strand Palace an attendant claimed: "We are telling our customers not to cast a clout till August is out." It is, inevitably, an ill-wind that blows nobody any tips.

Wendy Owen, author of *There Goes Davey Cohen*, and wife of publisher Peter Owen, has nearly finished her second novel *Whatever Happened to Ruby?* "Most of it," she says, "was written at night

in France. I am at my best between midnight and four in the morning, and surrounded by people – so I wrote it in bars." The book isn't about bars, however: its plot centres around the cruelties and deficiencies of an English girls' boarding school. "I believe that girls are crueller to each other than boys," says Mrs Owen. "They humiliate each other more."

Hornsey's Borough Engineer has a 13-foot granite problem. It's a fountain, which was moved to Priory Park, Hornsey, in 1909 from its original home in the garden of St Paul's Cathedral. The Council have been trying to get rid of it for some time, and have advertised it. So far, no response. "It's not the sort of thing you'd go for," says a council official, "unless you're fond of old things."

Stan Stennett, who returns to BBC in *The Black and White Minstrel Show* on 7 May, has bought a new aeroplane – an American 4-seat Beechcraft. It is the third plane that Stennett has owned, and he claims that it not only saves time when moving from job to job, but money as well. "At 22 miles to the gallon," he says, "it uses less petrol than my car. And it is much more convenient for dashing about – one Sunday I flew from Blackpool to Cardiff, from Cardiff to London, from London to Leeds and then on to Glasgow. And I still had

time to fly back to Cardiff for supper with my wife." Stennett has a club for those who have flown with him – the Welsh Air Force. Defence Minister of the WAF is Harry Secombe. Qualifications for membership? "One is enrolled," says Stennett, "when one flies with me and can still laugh at the end of the trip."

The Australian Gift Shop in Surrey Street sells canned Australian air.

Conspicuous consumers may like to know that a firm in Taplow is importing home-size sauna baths from Sweden. For £397 you get walls, roof, and floor in red cedar-wood, plus all the necessary heating equipment. Birch twigs are extra.

The City of London is notoriously short of hotels: the only one of any size in the City proper is the Great Eastern at Liverpool Street. That was why, when the City Corporation drew up their ambitious plans for the Barbican development in April 1959, they included a £400,000 hotel just off the Goswell Road – 120 doubles, 60 single rooms. As of April 1966, with rather less publicity, the

City's official information on the project is gloomy. "We have no idea when it will open," said their Press Officer." It is not now even certain that it will be proceeded with." The overall cost of the Barbican scheme, estimated at £20 million in 1959, is now given as £33 million.

The Royal Mint is seeking a guide-cum-messenger. The applicant must be between 30 and 50, impeccable character, physically fit, clearly spoken, and presumably immune to temptation. The pay is just £12 3s 6d a week.

St Martin-in-the-Fields is to close its secondary school in July. But because the original grant of the land from George IV stipulated it should be used for young people, the building will be converted into a youth centre for school-leavers and young people from abroad. It will include a coffee bar, a careers advice bureau, and offer regular talks and discussion meetings on young people's problems.

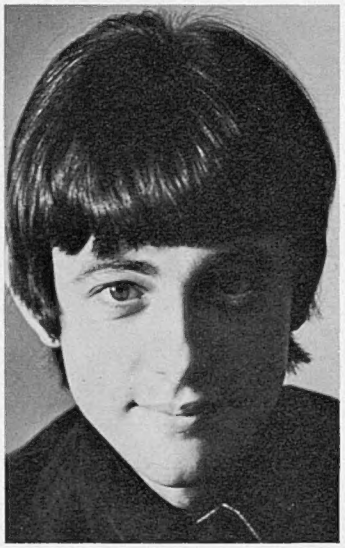
Helen Shapiro, who leaves this week for a tour in Malta, only got back last week from a special concert in East Germany – where the audience included Walter Ullbricht himself. "I was astonished," Helen says, "by the whole concert. There were a number of Russian artists, and Nino Rossi from Italy, and the whole thing

was incredibly swinging. Not what I'd expected of East Germany at all." Two years ago, when she was only 17, Helen became the first Western pop-girl to go behind the Curtain when she visited Poland. Now she has regular offers from Communist countries.

Annabel's, Mark Birley's Berkeley Square club, went all Russian last week with a new decor reminiscent of The Boyars' Revolt. For the event, the menus were in Russian: thoughtfully, the management provided a translation on the back – into French.

Mr Oliver Graham-Jones, for 15 years the senior veterinary officer at the London Zoo, is leaving Regent's Park this summer to become senior lecturer at the Royal Veterinary College. A frequent lecturer and broadcaster, Mr Graham-Jones has recently returned from Moscow – and the problem of the unamorous pandas. He is expected to continue as a consultant to the Zoo.

"Ready, Steady, Go!" began life three years ago with two typical teenage comperes: one of them has grown up to be a minor fashion empire called Cathy McGowan. The other half of the act was a young man called Michael Aldred, chosen from thousands of eager teenage applicants, and dropped shortly afterwards to leave the field clear for



Miss McGowan. Since then Aldred has been writing a weekly column for an American magazine called *Teen Life*, and looking around for a new outlet for his talents. "I would like," he says, "to produce records. So I thought why not start with myself. I have sung before, as a matter of fact. In choirs at the Royal Festival Hall. "Mr Aldred's record début will be of a new number by Jackie de Shannon, with, he says, "a sort of semi-classical backing."

Frank Whitbourn has nearly completed the first-ever history of Lock's, the St James's hatters, which was established over 200 years ago. Mr Whitbourn has been substantially helped in his research – the book will run to 70,000 words – by his brother, who happens to be a director of Lock's. Although no publisher has yet been agreed, Mr Whitbourn is confident that the book will appear some time in 1967.

The Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association, despite their quaintly dated title, have pulled off an impressive publicity coup: they have secured permission to hold a fair in the gardens of Belgrave Square on 8 June. It will be open from 10.30 am until midnight, with sideshows from Billy Smart's Circus, the band of the Scots Guards, an international floral exhibition staged by a number of London Embassies, and 52 separate stalls organised by the Association's County Committees. From midnight until 2 am the fair will be wound up with a barbecue and dancing in the square, with Joe Loss's Ambassadors Orchestra and a beat group called the Black Sheep.

The famous statue of Justice on top of the Central Criminal Courts bears a scale balance: a keen eye will spot that the pans are more like colanders – they have holes drilled. Not, of course, to imply that justice is a leaky sieve, but merely to let the rain through.

David Niven is telling fellow-lunchers at Pinewood a very sad tale: on a recent flight to Nice, Niven found himself next to a great fan, who just happened to be very well connected in the City. "He got as far," Niven says, "as saying: 'Let me give you a few really good tips' when a combination of the engine noise and the altitude made me go deaf. For half an hour I was unable to hear a word of his advice – and now I'll never know if he could have made my fortune for me."

At a knitwear fashion show last week, one ducky sweater and cardigan set was described as "Vicuna Colour over Camembert." Ideal for a wool and cheese party!

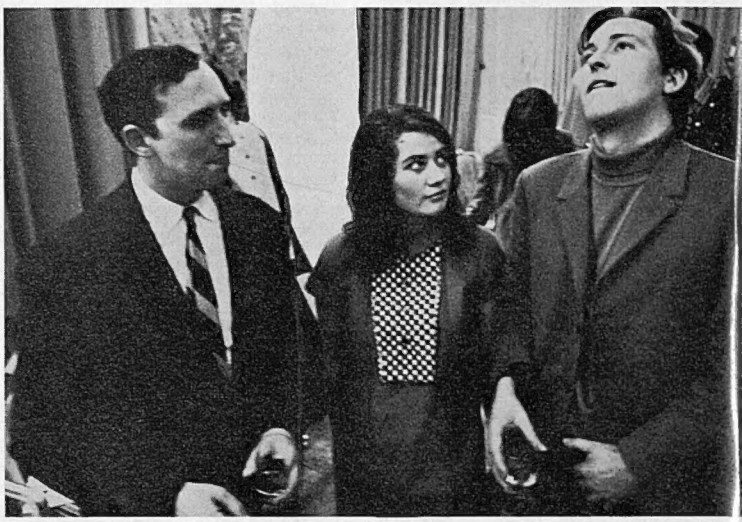
Aviva Marks, the actress wife of unorthodox estate agent Roy Brooks, starts touring next week with an equally unorthodox theatrical production. Called *400 Years of Comedy or Anything for a Laugh,*

it is presented by an organisation known as Pop Theatre, devised by Frank Dunlop and Richard Rigby-Day, and presents a panorama of stage humour from *Gammer Gurton's Needle* through Shakespeare and Sheridan to music hall, and Wilde and Shaw. Founded to "create a theatre for everyone," the company plans in the first instance to visit towns lacking permanent theatre companies, but hopes to play Broadway next year. As for Miss Marks, her husband says: "If she were a house I could sell her at once."

MAKE A DATE

FRIDAY 29 APRIL
Ball: Royal Industries Club annual ball, Great Room, Grosvenor House, 7.15.
Ball: NUJ Press Ball for Periodical and Book, and Trade and Technical branches, Empire Rooms, Tottenham Court Road.
SATURDAY 30 APRIL
Cricket: MCC *v.* Yorkshire and Surrey, Lord's, to 6 May.
Concert: London Mozart Players, Fairfield Hall, Croydon, 7.45.
Polo: Cowdray Park season opens.
Ballet: *Swan Lake*, Covent Garden.
SUNDAY 1 MAY
Concert: Jazz and Folk Music concert, Commonwealth Institute, 7.30 for 8.
Races: Camathias Memorial National Motor Cycle Races, Brands Hatch.
Motoring: London to Brighton Run of Historical Commercial Vehicles.
MONDAY 2 MAY
Ball: Iris Ball, the Dorchester.
Ball: Athenian Ball at the Savoy.
Dinner: Wine and Spirit Trades' Benevolent Society annual dinner, Great Room, Grosvenor House, 7.
Première: The Queen will attend a film premiere of *Othello*, for the Toynbee Hall Appeal, at the Odeon, Leicester Square.
Exhibition: Children's Drawings, presented by the Royal Drawing Society, Guildhall Art Gallery, to 7 May.
TUESDAY 3 MAY
Ball: Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, Great Room, Grosvenor House, 8.
Opera: Hamburg State Opera Company, Sadler's Wells, present Mozart's *Cosi Fan Tutte*, 7.
WEDNESDAY 4 MAY
Soccer: England *v.* Yugoslavia, Wembley.
Cricket: Lancs *v.* Glos and Notts, Old Trafford, to 10 May; Sussex *v.* Glamorgan and Northants, Hove, to 10 May.
Dinner: Iron and Steel Institute annual dinner, Great Room and Ballroom, Grosvenor House, 7.
Fair: Spring Fair, Chelsea Town Hall.
THURSDAY 5 MAY
Conferences: Advertising Association Conference, Brighton, to 6th; 41st Rotary International of GB and Ireland, Blackpool, to 8th.
Luncheon: Prince Philip will attend a luncheon of the Royal Aeronautical Society at the Europa.
FRIDAY 6 MAY
Luncheon: Prince Philip will preside at a luncheon given by Edinburgh's Company of Merchants.
Opening: The Queen will open the Commonwealth building of the Post-Graduate Medical School, Hammersmith.
SATURDAY 7 MAY
Fiesta: Grand Musical Fiesta by the Indian Hot Shots, Commonwealth Institute, 7.
MONDAY 9 MAY
Fashion: First "Outside" Fashion Show, Piccadilly Hotel, to 12th.
TUESDAY 10 MAY
Ball: England Ball, Grosvenor House, 9.
SUNDAY 8 MAY
Exhibition: Parade and Exhibition of Rolls-Royce cars, Berkeley Square, 4.
SATURDAY 14 MAY
Soccer: FA Cup Final, Wembley.
FRIDAY 27 MAY
Hockey: International Hockey Festival, Isle of Man, to 31st.
SATURDAY 11 JUNE
Trooping the Colour.
MONDAY 20 JUNE
Lawn Tennis: All-England Championships, Wimbledon, until 2 July.

PARTY TIME

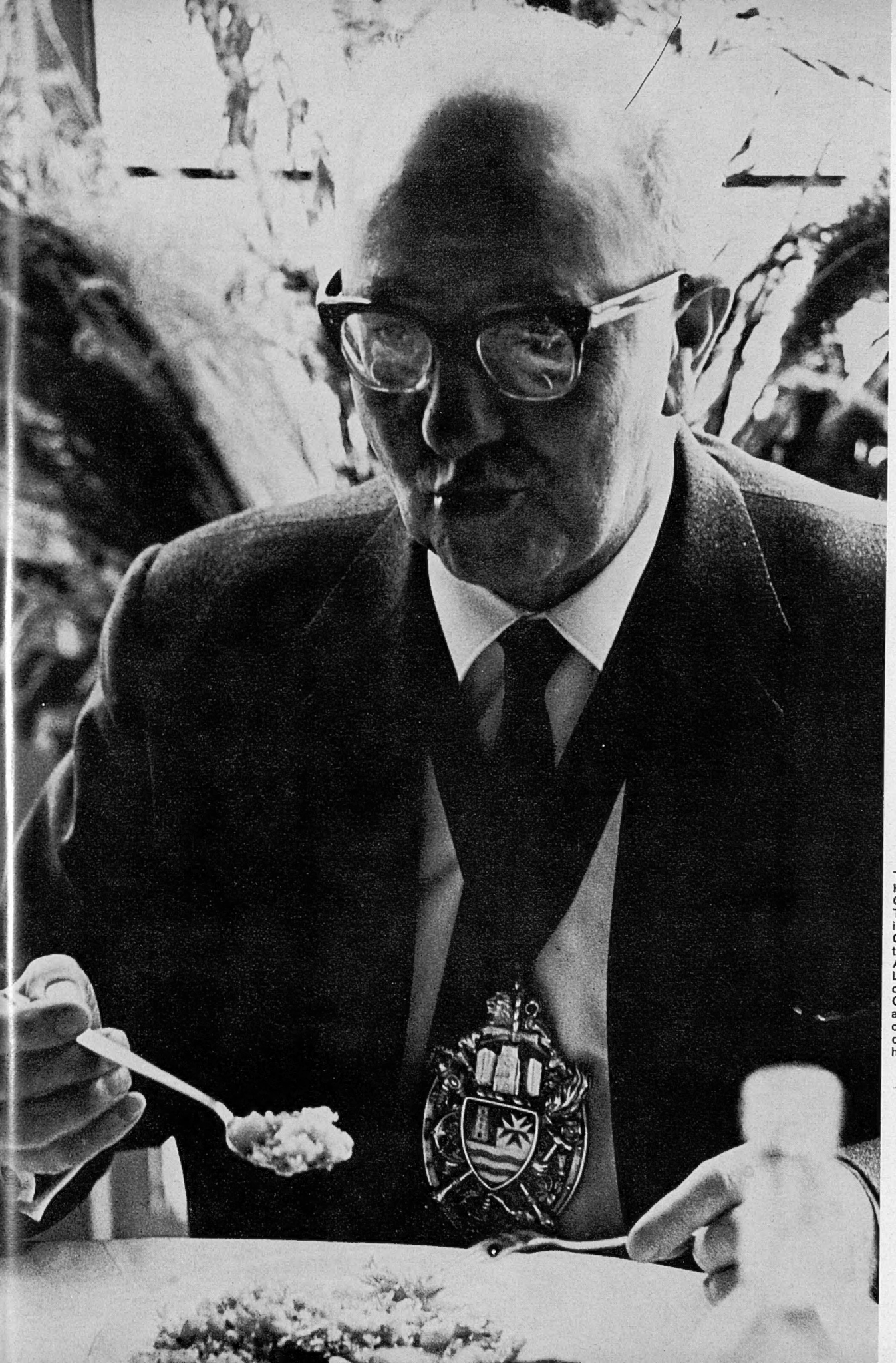


Above: Disc jockey Mike Lennox (right) makes announcements almost daily on Radio London about Radio London's racing driver Keith St John (left). But they met for the first time at the Tootal party at Tootal's London showrooms in Cavendish Square. Between them is 1966 deb Edwina Mansell, wearing one of the "Judy" dresses in Tootal's Estorel range. Far left: Jenny Boyd, sister of Pattie Boyd and also a model, with Mick Jess, drummer with the Peter B's beat group. Left: A model extricating herself from a "Zip teaser" at the Tootal party.

Actress Joan Crawford at her Press reception at the Savoy. She was visiting London for the first time in 10 years, on behalf of Pepsi-Cola, of which she is a director.

A party was given at the Italian Institute of Culture in Belgrave Square by Mrs Edna Lewis, an American who runs the Art Workshop (basically a holiday art school) at Positano. With the hostess (above, centre) are Peter Thomson, artist, and Primrose Hanson, model (left), and handbag designer Letizia Adam with husband Ken Adam, set designer for the 007 films. Below are TV producer Derek Granger, artist Hazel McInley and Mr and Mrs Pierpaolo Piccinato.

Comedian Frankie Howerd at the microphone when he opened the Scarsdale Convention and Exhibition Suite at the Kensington Close Hotel.



The Mayor of Hackney, Councillor R J Tallantire, enjoying a plate of Chinese food at the Deuragon Arms, Shepherd's Lane, where he opened a new Chinese restaurant. A party of 40 helped to celebrate the happy event.

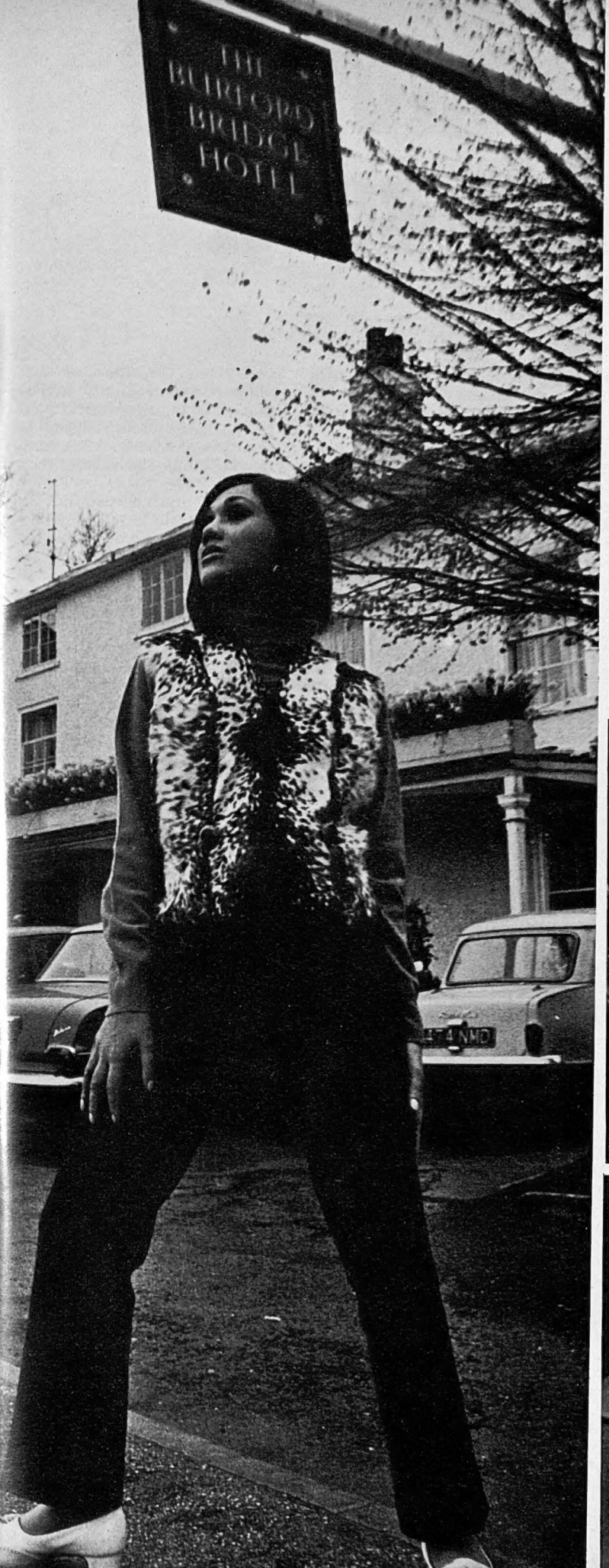
BIRTH OF A BOUTIQUE

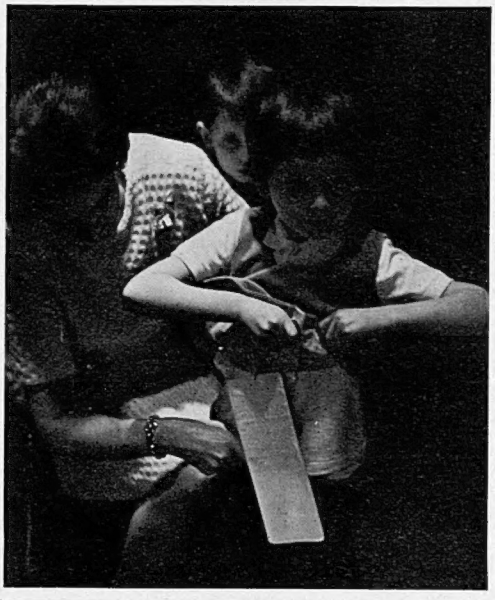
The out-of-London scene provided an unusual setting for the celebrations to mark the opening of a new boutique — the Tina Trent at Godalming, fourth in a rapidly expanding chain of boutiques run by Joyce and Bernard Maisel. Charity fashion shows were held at the Burford Bridge Hotel at Box Hill, near Dorking — one to the tinkle of teacups, the other in the evening with dinner — various local personalities making it a full social occasion.

ABOVE: Late night line-up. Models, showing a comprehensive selection of the sort of clothes which are on sale at the four shops, parade in an old-world setting of oak beams.

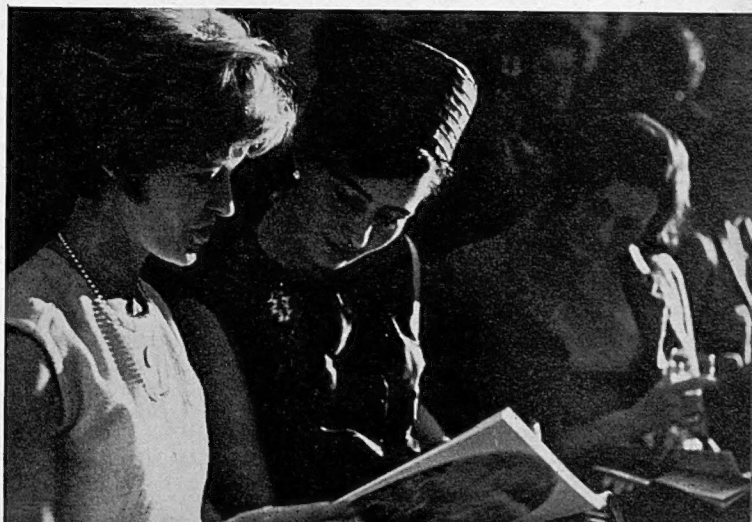
LEFT: Joyce Maisel with Bernard in the background.

RIGHT: Mr Shaw-Taylor, taking time off from television to compere the evening show.





ABOVE: Old setting for new ideas: the 17th-century tithe barn at the Burford Bridge Hotel where the fashion shows took place. LEFT: One of the children who modelled receives a helping hand into one of the boutique outfits for youngsters. BELOW: Virginia McKenna, who lives nearby at Westcott, talking to Mrs Paul Fletcher before the show. FAR LEFT: One of the models, in a calfskin waistcoat, takes a breather outside between shows.



THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT CHAPLIN BOOK

Blind, unconditional love is not enough. Parents should be venerated only for the positive good they have extended to their offspring. Fathers and sons are particularly vulnerable, since – paradoxically – an excess of "goodness" on the part of the father can have a ruinous effect upon the ultimate independent manhood of the son. Freud was nearer the mark with his Oedipus complex – although, as always, he exaggerated. His synthesis did, however, leave room for emotional development. Perhaps, in the long view, a really good father can only be one who is less than ideal. I would like to discuss the matter, one day, with John Lennon, who has views on the subject.

Having to cope with any father is bad enough. To be the son of a famous sire must be absolute hell. John Huston resolved the problem, over the years, by becoming just as damn good a man as old Walter ever was. (Even now, with John rising 60, for an *outsider* to say this verges on blasphemy.) Many other Hollywood offsprings have had to wrestle with the same situation. Who would really want to have been the sons of men so famous as John Barrymore, Errol Flynn, Edward G Robinson?

Or Charlie Chaplin?

When I first knew for certain that I would be actively involved in the written presentation of Michael Chaplin's autobiography, I approached the task with mixed feelings. Presumably, I'd make money out of the deal. But I was already making enough from several other lucrative writing ventures, so the money side could be safely left in the care of agents and accountants.

The fact that the subject was only 19 years old was daunting – but then his was a special case and novels have been written about childhood and adolescence and been none the worse for the self-imposed age restrictions. (*David Copperfield* falls completely apart after the hero's first marriage.) Technically, I foresaw no insurmountable problems. (I had cut my teeth in this *genre* by "ghosting" the autobiography of Gilbert Harding!) No, my only "block" was my unqualified admiration for the artistic genius of Charles Chaplin.

Most of us have grown up to venerate the screen image of Chaplin as the keystone of our 20th-century comic pantheon, the lovable father-figure in a gallery of gods – which includes Grock, two Marx brothers, Bud Flanagan, Frankie Howerd, Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, Coco and Jacques Tati. Chaplin being the most "human" of these drolls, it has been easier for me to shake off any allegiances of a Catholic childhood for the old man with the white beard than my reverence for the immortal little chap with the battered bowler and curved cane. Charlie the Clown dwarfs the greatest statesmen and generals.

The taboo

Now it is dangerous to tamper with our gods. There is a deeply felt human need for them still, not only in the totems of the African witch doctors but in the giant projections of show-biz. People are curiously, childishly emotional about their chosen godheads. I certainly would not, in the normal course of my life, have cast myself in the role of iconoclast "knocking" a symbolic personage who is as much part of my own infantilism as Mickey Mouse.

Then came this call to action, to an assertion and revaluation of set attitudes. Tom Merrin, show business specialist on a national newspaper, phoned me to say he had spoken of me to Michael and Patrice Chaplin with a view to collaborating with him on the writing of Michael's life story for world publication. Would I care to meet them at their Belsize Park flat? I said, yes.

That evening a warm camaraderie was established between the four of us. I found Michael and Patrice remarkably clear-headed about their predicament – this was shortly after Michael had made news by applying for national assistance – and firmly determined to get their story into print. If Tom and I didn't do it, someone else would. It was fully agreed between us that we would not do anything to knowingly hurt the feelings of Michael's parents, though it was quite obvious that the young Chaplins had been deeply wounded by the latest salvo from the Savoy Hotel, London, from whence Oona Chaplin had recently issued a blunt public statement to the effect that she refused further responsibility for her son's behaviour.

Michael was now resolved to make his own way, and Patrice had already "sounded out" certain literary friends as to the best means of getting Michael's story sold for profit. Penelope Mortimer had put forward the name of a literary agent. Patrice subsequently phoned the *News of the World* – interrupting, I'm told, an editorial conference – to ascertain the kind of money that that newspaper might pay for Michael's "revelations." The situation threatened to become a rat race.

Selling the story

Merrin and I advised the Chaplins that if the story was to be properly told it should first be sold to a *bona fide* book publisher. I suggested the Chaplins might care to meet my own publisher, Leslie Frewin, and discuss it with him and form their own conclusions. There was no great compulsion on anyone's part to do the thing in any particular way. But when Tom and I left the Chaplins that night it was mutually agreed that we should concentrate on getting the story produced in the form of a book. After that, let the chips fall where they may.

Merrin and I agreed that we would be able to tell the story of Michael without damaging the image of Charlie and Oona Chaplin beyond what had already been achieved by the implication of Mrs Chaplin's Savoy bulletin. Michael's estrangement from his parents, culminating in the boy's application for public moneys with which to feed his wife and her son, was now a matter of common knowledge throughout the world. Oona Chaplin's curt statement from the Savoy had only further exacerbated the situation. The damage had been done. By writing Michael's story as fully and accurately as possible, we would obtain a more balanced picture.

No whitewash

What had originally motivated the situation? What lay behind the brutal, black-and-white headlines? We would tell the story straight, seeking neither to whitewash Michael nor blacken his parents. Who knows? It might even help Charlie and Oona Chaplin to understand their son a little better, not to mention their hapless daughter-in-law, Patrice, whose only "crime" was to give Michael the loving warmth and emotional shelter he was so manifestly seeking in the savage half-world of London's appalling beat fringe.

For the next few weeks, Merrin and I took turns in interviewing Michael, recording his slow-spoken words in longhand written into reporters' notebooks. As Merrin continued the interviews in his free time from his newspaper duties, I was able to begin to assemble the rough notes into a narrative pattern. The work went remarkably

How the book was written and why there came a clash in the courts . . . told by CHARLES HAMBLETT, who helped to write it for Michael Chaplin (right). Another Charles Hamblett exclusive report – Part Two of the incredible story of the secrets behind the money-no-object filming of *Casino Royale* – appears on page 27

quickly, thanks to Michael's utter lack of self-pity or self-delusion. A year of psycho-analysis had given him a clear picture of his position and his memory is phenomenal. So are his powers of vocal description. His story is without rancour: in the American phrase, he isn't mad at anyone.

In an odd way, there is something saintly about this young man. Dostoyevsky would have loved him as a surrogate son – and no doubt treated him more casually than any father could, since artists are notoriously naïve in their relationships. The giant shadow of Chaplin Senior penetrated everything we said and wrote. In the final draft he emerged, I believe, with greater stature than ever before. Those who read the book will almost certainly see him as, at worst, a stern Victorian father; at best, a towering Old Testament prophet. Being the son of Charlie Chaplin – a son as sensitive as Michael – must be akin to having sprung from the loins of Moses.

Frewin met the Chaplins and agreed to publish the finished manuscript. He drove up from his country estate in Sussex to draw up our contracts on the floor of the Chaplin's pad, there being no chairs or tables available.

Merrin and I had called upon the agent recommended to the Chaplins to seek his advice, and he had given us a form which listed the percentages recommended by the Publishers' Association for the services of literary "ghosts." We received our cheques from Leslie. He left and we resumed our work with Michael.

It would be tedious to go, stage by stage, through the processes which led from our initial all-round accord to the discord which culminated in a Gilbertian clash of counsel in the Law Courts. The only way to write anything is to get it down on paper and publish it. The moment a writer starts showing his stuff around before publication everyone wants to play God with it.

Frewin was ably advised by his lawyers on the legal aspects of the text, each one of which could have been dealt with by the four or five persons most concerned with getting the facts right. Unfortunately, Michael showed the material elsewhere. Immediately, all hell broke loose. Within no time at all this penniless boy was retaining some of the most expensive legal representation in the country to try to suppress his own book! He had drifted like a lost soul for nearly three years through London's underworld. Suddenly there were people anxious to shield and protect him.

Collapse

Of course, Michael's case collapsed both in and out of court. This is, after all, Britain, not the Wild West, and even the most maidenly judges must subjugate their personal prejudices to the proper administration of the law. Poor Michael. He genuinely wanted to get the record straight. Instead he found himself refuting his own testament, one which I am certain would have given a deeper understanding not only of his predicament but of the attitudes of his distinguished parents. The publisher had also ensured, in a dedicatory note, that the book would not be fobbed off on the public as Michael's unaided work. It was, in every respect, an honest book.

Heaven knows what the lawyers and sub-editors have done to it now. Merrin and I gave power of attorney to these arbiters of literary taste to fight it out between themselves. Now the book is about to be published. Thousands will read it – I hope not for the wrong reasons.

FROM LAST WEEK'S LONDON LIFE

IT'S TIME WE TOOK THIS MORE SERIOUSLY

AREN'T OUR YOUNG MEN A MESS!

...AND AREN'T

by ANGELA INCE

OUR GIRLS A MESS, TOO!

Take the three girls on this page. To be fair, they're wearing their working clothes (they are the Beat Girls, who dance every night at the Drum Club in Bond Street). But these clothes sum up admirably the contemporary look. The girls themselves are pretty, vital, and energetic; the clothes are unflattering, unattractive, and inelegant. Everywhere it's the same story . . . potentially stunning girls taking pains to look their worst. Why *do* they clump around in Granny shoes? Why *do* they wear tiny freezing skirts that stop short at the most unflattering length ever devised? *(See overleaf for some legs that should be ashamed of themselves).* Is it *too* much to ask for a return to elegance?

Picture by John Benton Harris

Some girls certainly do look a mess, and there's not much argument about that. The word Teenager conjures up, in fact, a strange and contradictory vision. The modern 16-to-19-year-old is often slim, healthy and pretty. But she tends to make a determined effort not to show these advantages. And my goodness, how she succeeds.

Her hair is either dead straight and long as she can get it, or, as though designed by Pythagoras, curtly short and geometric. It surrounds a face that could have just walked out of a mortuary, chalk-white, pale-lipped, and with eyes cunningly made up

continued overleaf

Pictures by John Kelly

AREN'T OUR GIRLS A MESS, TOO!

to look as though they've been in a brawl. This look seems strangely unattractive to a generation that persists in thinking, in its outmoded way, that hair should be a prettily curving frame to a pink and white glowing rosebud face. Her skirt will be as brief as possible; it will hang, miraculously, on apparently non-existent hips, and it will stop short at a length that used to be considered suitable for a game of tennis, before Wimbledon changed all that.

Above the skirt she will wear a jersey so tight as to be rib-cracking rather than rib-hugging (she will, of course, be virtually flat-chested; a first-class example of the way in which nature is able to adapt herself, at almost a moment's notice, to the demands of current fashion.

On her legs will be thick patterned stockings, on her feet thick heavy shoes. She will tend to congregate with her kind outside recording studios, in the hope that her entire life will be changed by one glance at her current pop-god. Her mother will find her appearance rather distressing; her father will wonder gloomily where they went wrong.

I don't think they need worry all that much; though admittedly it must be depressing to have a pretty daughter whose ideas of unutterable chic is to wear clothes bought secondhand at a street market. But fashion is, fortunately, a sometime thing; today's sigh of admiration is tomorrow's yawn of boredom, particularly when you're 16.

In the meantime, there are some positive aspects to the contemporary look. Granted that many teenage girls go round dressed as though they've been born and brought up in a lunar Hilton, granted that miniskirts demand minilegs and don't always get them; granted that on a rainy day the streets are full of what look like tiny female lifeboatmen rushing to man the boats; granted that men's vests dyed black are not necessarily the epitome of *haute couture*, you have to admit at least that British girls are eye-catching, these days.

Whether we approve or not, the British girl is regarded abroad as a dish, a doll, a dazzler. She has the best hairdressers at her disposal (though as far as one can see

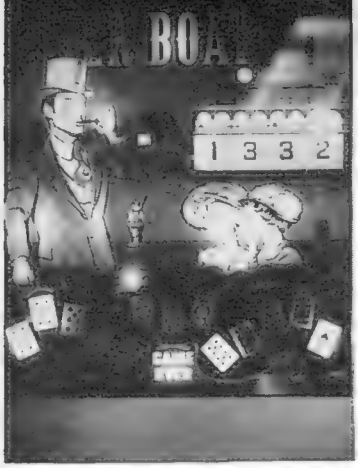
she doesn't always ' take advantage of them), and the quickest and cheapest copies of top fashion – in fact quick and cheap clothes *are* top fashion now.

Though New Yorkers are startled by our short skirts, and Paris considers them inelegant, this hasn't stopped London becoming the centre of the world's ready-made clothes business. And one of the reasons for our international fashion ascendancy seems to me to be the readiness of British girls to try out any fashion gimmick, no matter how nutty.

In the old days when mother supplied the dress allowance and mother chose the dress, English girls were renowned for their twin-sets and pearls and their quiet good taste. But I can't remember foreign buyers queuing up in droves to buy the twin-sets and pearls, let alone the quiet good taste.

There is precious little quiet good taste about fashion these days. It is noisy and brash, occasionally vulgar and sometimes indecent. It sells like hot cakes, though. But would it be too ungrateful to wish that we could hang on to the sales figures and a bit of graciousness as well?

A lowdown look at London legs – five pictures to prove our point. If you absolutely insist on wearing short skirts, avoid knobbly knees, heavy shoes, thick white fishnet stockings that make plump legs plumper, uneven hemlines, muscular calves. Do not run, walk, or get on a bus. And on the right, to sum it all up – which is the girl, please?



The golden days of the pin-table have given way to the gimmicky commercialism of the mid-1960s, with electronic gadgetry (just look at the pictures on the left and right!) that is spoiling the simple pleasures of the past. It's time for a club to be formed to preserve the vintage machines for posterity and to rekindle the true spirit of the game, says B S JOHNSON.

A plea for the minor art of playing on PIN-TABLES

They used to be so simple. You slid your penny in, pushed the slide home and held it for a decent interval . . . and there you were with five balls to play with. As you pushed one up, you could feel its weight on the other end of the simple lever mechanism. And then, judging your withdrawal of the spring-loaded piston precisely by the graduated scale, you let fly. On the stencilled glass screen in front of you, modestly costumed bathing girls went through a variety of discreet postures, urging your score onward in units, tens, or (rarely) hundreds, in response to the nudging of your ball-bearing.

The girls ran up steps, posed at the top, dived or slid down a waterchute – and all for you. Sometimes they were air hostesses, and were assisted by antediluvian aircraft, which performed grossly improbable aerobatics in the interests of your score. On others, space-girls stepped out of and into lumpish machines propelled by unlikely methods. Or huge streamlined trains ran through a mixture of tropical and Arctic scenery, accompanied by similar modest young ladies in outdated clothes.

The machines had names like *Ocean Park* and *Silver Bullet*, and were mostly created by the Chicago Coin Machine Mfg Co. One after another, or altogether if you felt reckless or experimental, your five balls rolled gently down the slope by gravity, occasionally accosting conical springs which advanced your score with delight at being noticed, or being fended off by polite rubber buffers which would perish rather than see your ball in a jam. When each ball had rolled to its farthest limit, it still remained in view so that you would not think you had lost it altogether – even though you had. If it met one of the occasional hazards on the way, which prevented it from reaching this goal, then it would take some time to disappear finally down the hole. You could then almost hear its sigh of regret as it circled in a decreasing spiral in obedience to natural laws.

The Free Ball

Maximum enjoyment was thus offered for your penny, and the chance of a Free Ball was a constant source of excitement and anticipation. You did not mind that this was a game of chance: that was, indeed, its attraction. Here was something that fused the force of gravity and the imagination of short, probably underpaid, certainly now dead, perhaps irreplaceable geniuses, at the Chicago Coin Machine Mfg Co, thousands of miles away. You leant indolently on the chromium rim and watched this fascinating game between Nature and Man.

Mind you, you had to be careful where you played the pin-tables. When I was a teenager, they were mostly to be found in Amusement Arcades, which were considered by those who imagined they knew to be one step from prison. They were legitimately to be found, however, in fairgrounds. The peculiar hazard of the ones in the fairground was that the TILT light (or rather, endearingly, LITE) was liable to glare at you when you leant on the side if the ground was at all soft.

Later, I found that some pubs had them, and truly found the nadir of pin-table bliss. Here you could put your glass and crisps down on the machine and play until closing time, or for as long as they would change you pennies. Here you could luxuriate in the warmth and pleasure of guilt by association with the sinful Amusement Arcades without actually running the risk of being picked up on a narcotics rap or something equally fittingly American.

All this has passed away in the last few years. They now cost threepence, for a start. And though in some you still get five balls, often it is really only one which returns five times – which is not the same thing at all. Others allow you only three balls. And yet more cost *sixpence* for five balls.

Strange, unnatural things happen to those balls with which you are supplied. Gravity is now only incidental, no longer an integral part of the game. All sorts of solenoids and electronic cantrips have your ball at their mercy once it is played, shooting it from side to side at very high speeds almost beyond that of sight, usually irretrievably into holes which swallow it up without so much as a lingering glimpse. Rubber reacts to electronic urging in the most unexpected ways – where rubber *is* used, that is, for plastic has taken over a large proportion of rubber's former functions, as it has also those of the chromium springs and bumping devices. Now there is no pushing your ball up, for it is delivered automatically; and even though a graduated scale is provided, to whatever point you pull the piston back the ball still emerges at the same screaming velocity.

New elements have been introduced. Some machines have shallow cavities or blocked holes which eject the ball in a most distressing manner on some occasions, and ingest it at others. Then there are flippers. Flippers are short arms which strike the ball when the player touches a button. First there was one flipper in a

central position, then one independent one at each side; the latest complication is linked pairs, right and left.

A Mr Gottlieb seems to have usurped the vocation of the Chicago Coin Machine Mfg Co. The machine used to be so pure and so simple that no instructions were needed for playing, like athletics compared with cricket. But now there are bewildering orders in basic American, adumbrated for playing incredibly complex pin-table versions of games like chemmy, poker and baccarat. The main object of these orders seems to be to ensure that you spend as much money as possible in learning how to play before you can actually try to enjoy it or start to win. As an experiment, a friend and I systematically applied two of the best brains in Europe to one machine recently and found that jointly we spent no less than 16s 3d before we felt reasonably competent to play it.

500,000 bonus

Inflation on a vast scale has attacked the scoring system. Now the most minor touch will gain you a 1,000, and there are frequently bonuses of 500,000; the final score is measured in impossible millions. Similarly, the value of Free Balls has diminished. Now they are awarded almost as part of the due and meet return for your threepence, especially on three-ball pin-tables. The player who does not get one now during a game feels cheated, not unlucky, as he used to do.

Worse still, the girls are no longer modest. Someone seems to have discovered that if you provide them with no clothes at all then they cannot go out of date: at most they are timelessly three-star branded. Not that you have much time to look at them while you are playing, for the ball is shooting about so rapidly that all your attention is concentrated on not missing an opportunity to strike it with the flippers. Now, too, there is none of the unique and, to the devotee, stimulating sound of metal on metal. For all their speed, these machines are muffled, characterless, designed not to drown the tele. No space is provided for beer or crisps, of course: you either have to obscure a vitally important part of the playing area, or place your drink at jeopardy beyond arm's reach.

But, most important of all, you now feel it is no longer a game of chance. These brash new pin-tables are controlled by some cynically clever electronic system with a brain unit which sizes you up by the way you put your joey in, or by the way you fire the balls, or even by means of a hidden television camera recording the lines of character on your face or hands. The careful observer can even guess at its Americanese machinations: OKAY FIVE GIVE THIS PATSY A FREE BALL ON GREEN AND ONE MILLION EIGHT GRAND ON TWO BALL OVER TO AUTO OUT.

Tampered with

However, for the dedicated connoisseur, there are still real pin-tables to be found in certain enlightened coffee bars, or at places like the Angel, where they have pubs with innocent Irish country barmaids fresh up from Euston (it's are far as they can walk with a suitcase). A high proportion of these machines can be found in their original condition, worn certainly, but still a genuine pleasure to play on. Others have been tampered with by misguided owners, and have had a flipper added in a sacrilegious attempt to make them compete with the modern trash; an anachronism which the purist ignores, or at best treats as one of the inanimate hazards of the table. On one of my favourite machines, a cigarette rolls slowly down the glass top through the spilt beer when you attain the astronomical score of 6,000.

Other enthusiasts buy up the old tables at breakers' yards, and refurbish them with loving care so that they very nearly resemble the pristine state they were in during the twenties. As with Louis Armstrong records, 1930 is the crucial year, marking the dividing line between inspiration and commercialism.

Yet others, not content with merely assuring the survival of the real machines, actually carry out foraging attacks on the new ones, playing them with great magnets sewn into their sleeves, or carrying a powerful vest-pocket transmitter which confounds the machine's brains. These people seem to me, however, to be going too far: it is sufficient for the true lover to ignore the so-called advances of these machines.

For the nation

I feel that the time has come for a concerted effort to preserve these vintage machines for the nation, and I shall be delighted to hear from anyone who thinks similarly. Perhaps as a result a club, a sanctuary for them, may be formed, where we can lean at ease on their chromium sides, nicely worn to show the brass underneath. Only then should we be able to give the lie to the belief that skill at playing the pin-tables is the sign of a mis-spent youth, and to raise the game to its true status as a minor art.

THE MAN WHO STARTED POP MUSIC

News comes from the British Museum to make those who despise pop music pause in their grooves. For the Trustees have bought a large folio of 328 autograph songs by Henry Lawes, who, born in 1596, was the great popular song composer of the 17th century.

This is a tremendous acquisition and probably of little interest to any but musical historians, and of none to those who whistle *Bang Bang* to Cher. But it is not unlike a museum of 300 years hence prizing a collection of unpublished works by Lennon and McCartney or George and Ira Gershwin.

Like the Beatle composers, Harry Lawes was courted by the intellectuals of his time and the poets advertised the fact that their lyrics had been set by Lawes.

Milton, Waller, Carew and Suckling wrote for him. The 1645 edition of Milton's minor poems notes on its title page: "The songs were set to Musick by Mr Henry Lawes Gentleman of the King's Chappel and one of His Majesties Private Musick." Whether it was Harry's felicity as songwriter that made the poets flock, or his intimacy with the court, he certainly topped the charts, and in fact made certain innovations in song writing that are still effective today.

The move was on – to fit each syllable of words to a note of music, instead of the more usual spreading of one syllable over a number of notes (that's called *melisma*, or *coloratura*). Harry's own declaration was: "To shape notes to the words and sense."

It is on his ability to create solo declamatory songs that his reputation rests; his exploratory work enabled the birth of opera and, skipping a few centuries, and musico-literary quarrels, the popular song. No doubt many listeners to today's commercial radio, or those who have teenagers upstairs with a record-player, feel that Lawes's words are highly applicable today. Especially since Lennon and McCartney frequently resort to *melismata* in their songs: "I want to hold your ha-a-a-and."

DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

For the past 35 years, Robert Sweeny, the former British amateur golf champion, has been one of the brightest stars of the international scene. An American financier, he was one of the founder members of the famous Eagle squadron of American volunteers who flew with the RAF in the Battle of Britain. He emerged as a Squadron Leader with the DFC.

Usually smiling, generally the central figure at any party he attends, and almost always accompanied by a beautiful woman, he was, astonishingly, alone at lunchtime at Siegi's Mayfair bar. He was gloomily sinking a succession of vodka screwdrivers. The problem, it seemed, was that he felt cut off from the younger generation for the first time in his life.

"Two nights ago, my daughter confessed to me that she was head over heels in love with Mick Jagger. I went to a discothèque to see him, and suddenly I realised that the gap between young people and their more sophisticated parents had never been wider. When I was 20, I had plenty of friends who were twice my age. I would often play a round of golf with them and find that we had a lot in common. Today I would not dare to open my mouth to the average 20-year-old. I would not know what to say. Today not know what to say. Today in common at all."

This required further investigation. Film scriptwriter Michael Pertwee, who wrote the script of *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum*, told me: "When I was 40 and between marriages, I found I had the choice of a mass of pretty 20-year-old girls. Most of them preferred to go out with an older man. I think it made them feel more secure. I would hate to have to try and compete today."

Lady Mary Gay Curzon, the daughter of the Earl of Howe, and one of the leading debutantes of last year, said: "I don't like to go out with people younger than myself. I will sometimes go out with people as old as 25." Charles Dickens, current boyfriend of top model Celia Hammond, is several years younger than she is.

So whichever way you look, life is going to get much harder for sugar-daddies – and that means everyone over the age of 30.

"Funny Girl," already an established success on Broadway and in the West End, is soon to be turned into a film. But one particularly thorny problem has still got to be settled. It is proving almost impossible to find a leading man to play opposite Barbra Streisand, who is acceptable to her and producer Ray Stark. Barbra Streisand was the unanimous choice of everyone connected with the film to play the part she had already created with such success on the stage. That was where the battle began.

For the past four months, a world-wide search has gone on to find the right leading man. The problem is now half solved. Barbra Streisand wants Frank Sinatra. Ray Stark is still continuing the search. I predict that, in the end, Frank Sinatra will be offered the part. Just think how difficult it will be if, by that time, he decides to reject it. I will report further.

The Ford Motor Company launched their new range of Zodiac cars throughout Britain last week with a great flourish of trumpets. Before the launch date, preview parties were given for VIPs at various provincial centres

I went to Manchester on one of the coldest, wettest Sundays of the year to hear one of the directors list the great attributes of the car. He got so carried away that he said: "And in addition, the Zodiac has the brightest lighting system of any car manufactured in the British Isles – and hang the Monte Carlo Rally."

He had his thunder stolen by Katie Boyle who replied on behalf of the guests. Making her "thank you" speech, she said: "I feel rather like Katherine Parr, the sixth wife of Henry VIII, on her wedding night. I know exactly what to do, but for the life of me, I haven't the faintest idea of how to make it any different."

Once a gambler, always a gambler. Tony Bassett, until two weeks ago, was one of America's wealthiest and most eligible bachelors. Many were the sighs when the news of his marriage went round the New York Clubs and restaurants. "Now, he'll notice the difference. Now he'll have to come to heel," one of his oldest friends was heard to remark.

The day after his honeymoon ended, Teddy Bassett left New York and flew to London alone on one of the most important assignments of his life. A dedicated gambler, he was coming over to take part in the £20,000 backgammon tournament, the largest of its kind ever staged, which was being held in the Clermont Club at Berkeley Square.

Peter Marrian, a great personal friend of Jomo Kenyatta, was one of the last European ministers in the Kenya Government. He came to Britain last year to become managing director of an international communications company. He has not entirely severed his links with Kenya. Last month he brought over his African houseboy to be his servant in Chelsea. The only difficulty is that there is only one shop in London where he can get the *poshe* food he likes.

One of the biggest hits that the 14 Russian and Gipsy singers brought over for their appearance in the Russian fortnight at Annabel's Club was a version of *These boots are made for walking*. It had been translated into Russian and arranged for balalaikas – by the head of the Paris police!

What people do when they're not doing what they're paid to do...

continued overleaf

JAN HOLDEN, who is in *Say Who You Are*, has made a hobby of fortune telling and looking into the future. She is seen here with her latest acquisition, a pack of Tarot cards, essential equipment for the telling of fortunes.

What people are doing when they're not doing what they're paid to do . . .

continued

ELLEN POLLOCK (left), actress, has turned her hobby into a business and now holds a stall at the Chelsea Antique Market.

KEITH BARRON (below), finds off-stage pleasure in his collection of glass. His Chiswick home contains shelves of coloured examples from Venice and crystal glasses, as well as apothecary jars and related glass objects.

AL MANCINI (foot of page), comedian and actor, collects hats. He has more than 100 gathered from all over the world. When his friends go abroad they are asked to bring him a hat back. Al Mancini photographed at his London home wearing trophies from Arabia.

VIOLET MARRIOTT (above), company secretary, has been collecting and making dolls for ten years. She has more than 100, from all over the world, each an authentic example from its country of origin. The tall clown on the right was made by her.

MRS CHARLOTTE NICHOLLS (right) wife of a Wimpole Street doctor, has been collecting lace for many years. Her collection includes examples from the 16th and 17th centuries. She finds examples in antique shops and cannot resist a bargain.

AUBREY WOODS (left), who plays Fagin in *Oliver!*, likes to chop down trees in his spare time. He was photographed, with equipment, on Barnes Common. Tree-chopping is not a hobby that can be indulged in indiscriminately, of course, but Mr Woods usually finds an outlet when he holidays in wilder parts of the country.

SEAN CAFFEY (below), actor-designer, has used techniques learned in designing for the stage in his own home. He lives in Chiswick and the redecoration and design of the house – which includes interesting use of stone, wood and metal – is his continuing hobby.

EVELYN LAYE, at the moment touring in *Strike A Light*, has always been a keen gardener. In her London flat she has to be content with window boxes, which are luxuriant, but spends her weekends gardening at her cottage in the country.

SID BRANDON is a London taxi driver and in his spare time makes sculpture figures and objects from metal wire. The driver's compartment of his cab contains examples of his work.

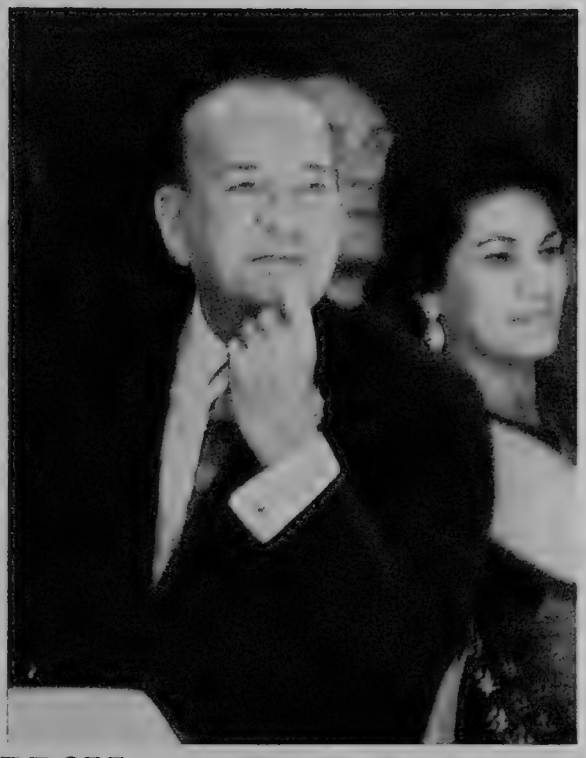
PRESENT LAUGHTER . . .

In the first of his trilogy of new plays, *Song at Twilight,* Noel Coward plays an old, embittered writer for whom much of the joy seems to have gone from life. Commentators are already rather awed, referring to him as The Master—impressed by this evidence that the angry young man who wrote *The Vortex*, and who then turned into a lightly satirical butterfly and honed the English language into the sharpest instrument for verbal wit, should make such a potent come-back. Commentators also have a habit of associating the author with the character he plays. So before anyone jumps to the conclusion that Coward is conscious that his own song at twilight is a sad one, here is evident proof that the wise, usually impassive face can find a fresh source of present laughter.

The scene is Danny La Rue's Club in Hanover Square. The time is the smaller hours of the morning.

The object of attention and source of laughter is Danny La Rue himself, whose cabaret act consists of a series of female impersonations – and sometimes, like Coward's own cabaret act, he will send up well-known people in the audience. The photographer is Ben Jones, who lurked behind the action to capture the ringside attention.

Suite in Three Keys, by Noël Coward, consists of two separate programmes: a full-length play called *Song at Twilight,* and a double-bill programme made up of *Shadows of the Evening* and *Come into the Garden Maud.* Both programmes have been taken into the regular repertory at the Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue.



DROLL . . .

WITTY . . .

HILARIOUS . . .

HYSTERICAL . . .

BY NOËL COWARD

. . and the unseen presence causing all the hilarity was Danny La Rue

MUSING . . .

FUNNY . . .

UTRAGEOUS . . .

HELP ! ! !

FRENCH BEDROOMS ON SHOW

Among the many things for which the English are notorious are their generally unwelcoming bedrooms.

The French, however, believe that bedrooms should be pleasantly habitable places, and they plan them accordingly.

This will be amply proved in London from 12 May when Meubles Français in North Audley Street are presenting a month-long exhibition called Romantic Bedrooms of France. Eight well-known decorators are working – in secret – on individual French bedroom settings, but so far none of them has indicated what style or period he is going to show.

This could, of course, lead to eight representations of Marie Antoinette's bedroom at the Petit Trianon, but the decorators have probably liaised to avoid this. When one pauses to think of French history, and particularly *romantic* French history, the imagination boggles on what these boys could do. From *La Roman de la Rose* right up to Francoise Sagan and *Aimez-vous Brahms* there are epic scenes with a bedroom setting which could send any red-blooded designer heaving over to the drawing-board.

Perhaps the most evocative is the opening of Colette's novel Cheri when the beautiful boy and his mid-40s mistress sport on the great brass-bubbled bed as white curtains billow in the summer breeze and Nounoune laughs as Cheri matches her pearls against his tanned chest. A representation of this could be a facer for North Audley Street: so could a representation of the average French bedroom as it exists today with its vast bed, billowy pillows and crippling bolster.

The exhibition will be opened by La Vicomtesse d'Orthez, more widely known perhaps as that sophisticated actress Moira Lister. To create a speech of introduction for an exhibition of this nature requires a neat mixture of tact and wit. For those who find the sight of all those beds too tiring there is a stimulating buffet of French cheeses and wines.

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SO THIS IS THE

Elegance combined with tradition is the keynote in Britain's top men's wear competition – the Tailor 63rd Exhibition of Bespoke Tailoring, and which has its trophy-presenting ceremony this week.

A record number of 600 tailors from all over the country submitted 929 of their most carefully cut, stitched and styled garments – the cream of their sartorial year – for the *Tailor and Cutter* 63rd Exhibition of Bespoke Tailoring. Sir Alec Douglas-Home was presenting the trophies to the winner of this extremely prestigious event at the Park Lane Hotel this week.

For three weeks, the selected suits will hang in all their glory in an exhibition at the Park Lane Hotel, and then they will be taken on tour and exhibited in Manchester, Leeds and the other main textile and tailoring towns of the North. The Gold Trophy for the outright winner of this competition – the "Suit of the Year" – was won by E C Squires for his royal blue dinner jacket in mohair and worsted, with an unusual cut-away style and flamboyantly patterned lapels in the old pre-roll collar fashion. It makes Mr Squires, of Sackville Street, the Tailor of the Year. He is a member of the 11-member Fashion Council of Great Britain, and a long-established leader in the world of bespoke tailoring.

Cut-away style

"What is particularly interesting about this dinner jacket is the cut-away style, somewhat similar to the old morning coat," says the competition secretary, Mr Keith Fraser. "It is more formal than the usual dinner jacket, which is an essentially informal garment, compared to tails, and more informal than the morning coat, which is rapidly becoming obsolete. It's a nice compromise."

It is, of course, also regarded as the best made. The suits have to comply with a very high standard of tailoring, the precedent set by our English heritage and reputation for elegance. Cut and style are the last two aspects considered by the judges during the preliminary eliminating rounds. None of the suits has labels, only numbers. E C Squires was also the winner of the Gold Medal and Trophy for the best lounge suit. This is a dark-blue pinstripe, double-breasted suit of very traditional cut, the epitome of conservative elegance.

More interesting is the winner of the Gold Medal for the best overcoat. This has a detachable cape made from a red-and-brown-check Scottish tweed. The cape is not entirely an instant distinction gimmick: it does add a little warmth, and would be useful in one of our regular cloudbursts.

The coat is essentially a compromise between 1966 and the Sherlock Holmes era. It has a three-button fastening with slant pockets and the cape provides just sufficient distinction for the man who is bored with the chain-store style of three-button, single-breasted, go-anywhere top coat.

The formals

Max Futrofsky of Grafton Way are the winners of Class One for evening dress (or body coats, as they are called in the trade), frock coats, morning suits and tails.

Herbert Chappell of Suffolk Street were awarded the Gold Medal for the best leisure jacket. Made from West Country tweed in a rather noisy Prince of Wales check, the jacket is traditionally cut, single-breasted button three, and relies for its distinction on the pockets and cuffs. But there are no flaps. Instead, Chappell's have produced slit pockets with small-buttoned tabs over each. The motif is repeated around the cuffs.

Tradition speaks even louder in the jacket, which won the Gold Medal for the best leisure jacket from a provincial tailor. A rather staid affair made by Courtman of St Helens in Lancashire.

No doubt the entries and subsequent awards reflect current tastes, but those tastes do seem a trifle conservative. When will we see a Gold Medal won in Carnaby Street?

The *Tailor and Cutter* 63rd Exhibition opens at the Park Lane Hotel on 28 April, 11.15 am.

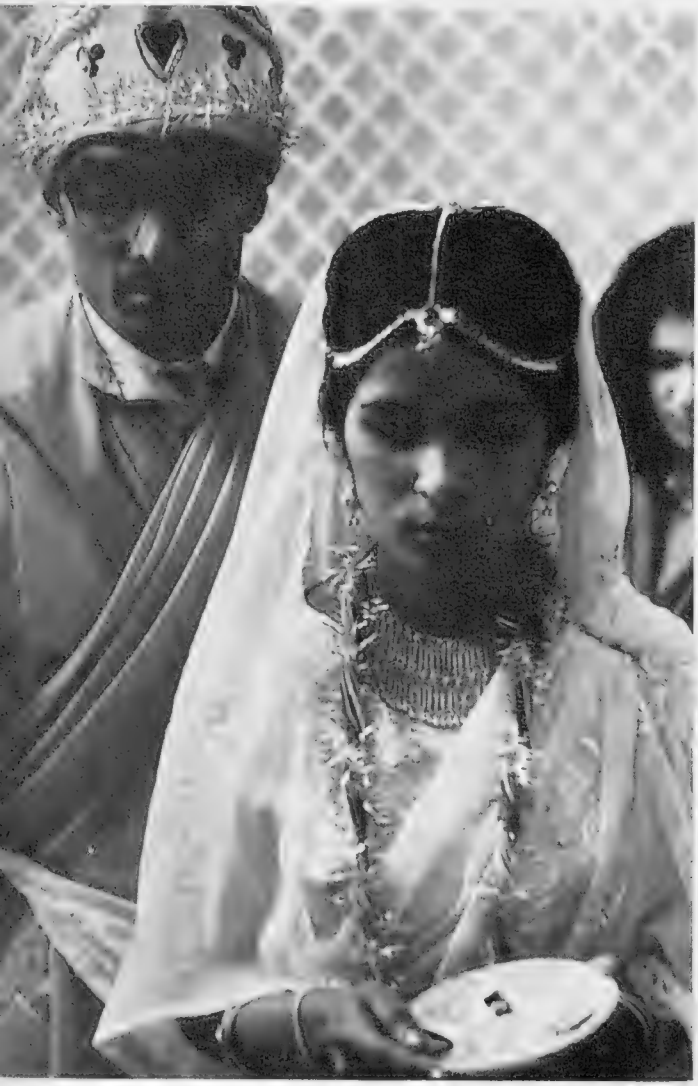
SUIT OF THE YEAR...

It's a royal blue dinner jacket in mohair and worsted (left), and has a cut-away style and flamboyant lapels in the traditional pre-roll collar fashion. Made by Tailor of the Year E C Squires, it is regarded as a nice compromise between the dinner jacket and tails.

Top picture: Gold Medal and Trophy for best lounge suit. Tailor: E C Squires, 28 Sackville Street, W1. Lower picture: Gold Medal for the best overcoat. Tailor: J G Chappell Ltd, 23 Billiter Street EC3.

'SHE IS OF TENDER AGE AND NOT CONVERSANT WITH HOUSEHOLD INTRICACIES . . .'

In her traditional pure white sari, tiara and garland of gold, Indira Sawh married Baneshwar Persaud at a Hindu ceremony in Hammersmith. Unlike most religions, the Hindu has little organisation, its traditions outlive its temples, and its devotees carry it with them wherever in the world they find themselves. This wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents in Dunsany Road, W 14. The Hindu wedding ceremony is divided into two principal parts. First the bride is given away by her parents, who speak formally to the bridegroom, starting "She is of tender age and not conversant with the intricated parts of household life and will need all the teaching and advice you can possibly render her." The second part of the ceremony is that of happy union, when the bride is symbolically linked to the bridegroom with a sacred knot and they jointly offer oblations to the Gods in the Sacred Fire. Holy texts from the Vedas are recreated, the marriage is witnessed by holy men and relatives. In the final phases of the ceremony the bridegroom stretches out his hand and taking his bride marks her forehead with Sendur (a vermilion powder) which is a token of ownership and a mark of his property. Finally, both parties are escorted into an inner room where the family celebrations begin.



The bride, Indira Sawh (right) kneels before an improvised altar and offers oblations to the sacred flame

Above: Now, as man and wife, Mr and Mrs Persaud make mutual pledges of "Truth, Fidelity and Love"

Pictures by Tony Sullivan

SECRETS OF THE NEW 007: PART TWO

CHARLES HAMBLETT (pictured right) continues his report on the most sensational piece of movie-making since the days of Mike Todd. It is, of course, the new Bond epic *Casino Royale*, and here we meet some of the stars in this £3 million picture. They include Ursula Andress and the new James Bond himself, Terence Cooper, who is living it up, 007-style, in preparation for his confrontation with the cameras at Pinewood and Shepperton Studios, where the secrecy is such that even the stars themselves can't find out exactly what is happening.

It's killing to live it up like James Bond

Anyone lucky or mad enough to see a current copy of the script of *Casino Royale*, the Charles K Feldman spoof of the James Bond ciné-bonanza (there have been 15 scripts to date) will find its off-white pages interlarded with pink and blue additions and amendments, impromptus and inspired afterthoughts, thus adding further confusion to an already confused picture.

I told you last week how the stars who so far have worked on this movie – Ursula Andress, Peter Sellers, Orson Welles, Peter O'Toole, not to mention 50 girl starlets and 100 Scottish drummers and bagpipers – did not seem to know their arms from their elbows during their dazed wanderings around Shepperton Studios under the direction, first, of Joe McGrath and then Bob Parrish. (John Huston then took up the reins at Pinewood while the fifth man remained unannounced at the time of going to press. Meanwhile, the second-unit director, Richard Talmadge, has been charging around the countryside setting up exterior sequences.)

Mixed feelings

It is now my duty, which I approach with mixed feelings, to report on the rugged young actor who, for the past two years, has been groomed by Charlie Feldman to play the "real" James Bond in *Casino Royale* only to wonder whether he'll make an appearance of any deep significance in the picture. Belfast born Terence Cooper is a six foot-plus, green-eyed, dashing, neo-Regency buck, aged 32, who was doing very nicely thank-you in the London theatre and on TV when he was seen by Feldman in the basement of the Pickwick Club – "an establishment from which I have subsequently been banned," says Mr Cooper – in the company of two pretty actresses.

He assumed that Feldman was trying to pick up his girls and offered to knock him into the middle of next week. (Cooper is a born fighter whose right hand bears the mark of Laurence Harvey's teeth from a recent fracas with that distinguished expert on camel jokes.) Instead, Feldman offered to make him a movie star. "He gave me the full schmeer," says Cooper. "So I thought, why not?"

Feldman signed him to a seven year contract, which graduates in scale from £250 a week to £1,000 a week, and instructed his protegé to stay out of Britain until he was needed. The actor spent his first nine months sweating out the contract in Spain, where he studied the bullfight, the señoritas, and the fundador. He then shipped out to the Blue Lagoon Hotel in the Windward Islands where rum is 6s a bottle. Tiring of the beach bum routine, Cooper, whose green eyes were acquiring an interesting tinge of red, moved on for three months to Yugoslavia, where he focused, if that is the word, his energies on the Bulls' Blood, the slivovitz, and the girls. (He was twice married, twice divorced, before Feldman appeared on the scene. When in London, he headquarters in a luxury flat in Knightsbridge.) That he should have such luck yet? Let Terence Cooper tell you about it.

Top bartender

We met in the upstairs bar of the Cock Tavern, Fleet Street, where Gerry, finest of all London-Irish bartenders, kept the Bloody Marys going while we studied the menu and spoke of bulls, birds, booze, and the bloodiness of showbiz.

"No wonder the rich are neurotic," my guest said

continued overleaf

Niven: "Don't ask me what it's about, old boy."

Andress (with Sellers): "I don't know what's going on."

The new 007 was asked to do regular workouts in a gym. He scowled, then burst into a great roar: "I'll do it me darlin'!"

continued

gloomily. "If you'd asked me a few years ago to describe my idea of bliss, I'd have said loafing around the more exotic fleshpots with plenty of money coming in regular as clockwork. In truth, nothing can be more demoralising. Charlie Feldman is being so goddam nice to me it's killing me. Hell, I've even got to hating him because he hasn't once missed with the paycheck. *Not once* could I go to him and say, who the hell do you think you're short-changing? You can't even have a good, old-fashioned row with a well-adjusted guy like that.

Road to stardom

"Every so often I'd get these deceptive telegrams saying 'It is essential you return.' I'd get back to London and they'd say, 'Fine, you look all right. Now take the next flight out of town. Climb a mountain, hit the beach. Go where you like, do what you like, just as long as you let us know where to contact you should we need you in a hurry.' Once or twice I was called back to do a test with some starlet that Charlie was considering for a part. Peter Sellers saw one of these tests being made and told Charlie to forget the girl and concentrate on me. Peter was kind enough to call me a young Gregory Peck. (Personally, I want to get a bit of screen exposure before everyone sees me as an old Terence Cooper.)

"It didn't do much good. Next day I was back in Spain watching a bullfight, Litry and Cordobes on the same bill. Seeing them together in one afternoon makes you realise what a bum Cordobes is by comparison with Litry. But who am I to call *anyone* a bum? At least, Litry is working."

Terry Cooper hung his head in shame and stared into the middle distance, so I took him to our table where I'd set up a couple of chilled bottles of Pouilly Fuisse 61, and he brightened a little. It's not much fun, though, waiting around like that. About a year ago I ran into Terry in the Sporting Club, Knightsbridge, in the company of his devoted agent, Pat Larthe. In those dim, faraway days, it was generally believed that Mr Cooper was being groomed to carry the entire picture of *Casino Royale* as a rival to Sean Connery, and I considered him an excellent choice. Knowing and liking both actors I felt that if Sean *had* to miss out in the Feldman picture his rôle couldn't have gone to a nicer guy. But that was before Charlie Feldman had his nightmare in Paris, which altered his entire conception of the picture and resulted in the present five-ring circus going on, at between £20,000 and £30,000 a day, at Pinewood and Shepperton Studios.

Feldman's star publicist, Ernie Anderson, joined us for lunch bringing good news for Terry. "The latest word is that you're to have the last 30 minutes of the picture," Ernie said. "All the other actors will be playing phoney Bonds and you'll be the real one. How about that?" Cooper cheered up, and I put in my own 10 cents worth, saying, "That's great news. Just think what Orson did with the last 30 minutes of *The Third Man*." Terry became Regency again, roaring for another flagon and pinching a waitress's bottom. The picture seemed brighter all round and we finally left the Cock in high humour.

In the car in which we were driven back to Cooper's flat, Ernie became slightly more circumspect. "Mr Feldman also said he hoped you were being kept healthily occupied and suggested you start having regular workouts at a gym. I'd like to arrange for you to go round to Joe Bloom's early tomorrow. Is that okay with you, Terry?"

Thirty minutes

The actor cast a baleful eye on this messenger from Olympus. "What time will you collect me?"

"Is shortly before ten all right with you?"

Cooper burst into a great roar and flung his arm round the startled Ernie. "I'll do it, me darlin'," he said. "After all, what have I to lose." Then he scowled. "Only the last 30 minutes of *Casino Royale*?"

"At present count," I added.

Ernie had further good news. Paul Kohner, Hollywood agent, had worked out a deal with Miss Larthe to handle Terry's future interests on the Coast. A real break, this. Kohner, who represents John Huston, William Wyler, Jeanne Moreau, David McCallum, Ursula Andress, and many more, is one of the shrewdest talent jugglers in the business. It doesn't need a crystal ball, then, to predict that, with Kohner in the picture – and with Mr Cooper's present perplexities over *Casino Royale* properly resolved – the Long Wait will have been worth it, and Terry Cooper will become an extremely big star.

The auxiliaries

Meanwhile, back at the studio . . . incredibly, the work continues. On any production certain things are done irrespective of what the producer is cooking up next. The Art Department, for instance. A vital contribution to the success of the Bond-Connery pix is due to the magnificent design work of Ken Adam. Michael Stringer will probably excel these on his present showing at Shepperton. Then in the cutting room Bill Lenny, who has been dealing with a steady intake of film, says: "We've had problems with this picture, particularly with so many new bits for old scenes being shot. There's been a certain amount of improvisation, too, but as long as the various directors get their separate s e g m e n t s worked out to their satisfaction I foresee no difficulty in getting everything to gell."

Production boss Gerry Bresler says: "It's the same as the birth of a baby. It will take around nine months. It's Mr Feldman who has the basic concept. Why shouldn't he keep as much of it as possible under wraps? It's so easy to steal things in this business. Look, if you're at home and your parents whisper it doesn't mean they don't love you. Maybe they're planning a nice birthday surprise or something. So we have a certain amount of secrecy going on at the studios. Could be we'll be giving everyone a nice surprise when it's all over."

Meanwhile, the rashes of rumour and speculation persist. It's inevitable, when even the stars of the picture are seemingly as much in the dark as the clapper boy.

"I don't know what's going on, any more than anyone else around here," says Ursula Andress, removing her make-up at the end of her last day's shooting at Shepperton. "I don't know whether I'll be back in the film or not. As far as I know I finished my section of the picture and there's an end to it. How did I get into it in the first place? Now that's quite a question. When I was first asked to play in *Casino Royale* – oh, a long long time ago – I turned it down. I thought, I don't know if for me it would be the right thing to do. I got to be known through my part in *Dr No* with Sean Connery. I thought there was something morally wrong in my going into another Bond picture without Sean. I don't know, perhaps I'm over sensitive . . .

"But Charlie Feldman kept saying, 'Come on, do it. It's only a vignette you'll be doing. It's going to be an entirely different approach.' Then I did *What's New, Pussycat* for Charlie, and Peter Sellers agreed to go into the Bond picture. Peter backed up Charlie. 'Come on, Ursula,' he said. 'We're having a ball shooting *Pussycat*. We'll have an equally good time doing the other one. It will be a happy picture. You'll enjoy every minute of it.'

Overall plan

"I finally said yes. So here we began and here we are. We're only filming the middle section. Now I'm finished with the picture as far as I know. Peter's finished. David Niven is going into the next section with John Huston and another actress will be taking over. It's all part of Charlie's overall plan of which I know nothing. A short scene with Niven and, finish. At the end nobody knows what's happening, nothing is discussed. I don't know what I'm like in the picture. I never go to rushes, anyway. I'm too critical of myself. Whenever I *have* seen rushes they've put me off my work. After looking at them I find I'm taking myself apart, ana-

lysing what I've done and what I have to do next, and this has a bad effect on me.

"This picture, It's all very complicated. There's so much temperament. A picture is surrounded by pressure of money, it collects such strange people. The businessman, the director, the actor, the writer . . . each has his own point of view and is trying to put something across. I don't want to know what's going on. My approach is to read my part, study it, and try to see something fresh about the character. You always search out of your own life for the basis of any role you have to play. Sometimes you succeed, sometimes you miss. . . . This time? I don't know. I don't think anyone will really know till the picture is completed. Me, I think I'll go to Tahiti."

Charlie Feldman is playing with blue chips. It must be driving Broccoli and Salzman wild to have a real gambler like Charlie stuck into the game.

Peter Sellers is playing a scene in a set built to represent an old torture chamber. An enormous hangman's noose dangles over his head. A bystander whispers, "What's that for? Is Sellers behind with his union dues?" Another replies, "No, Columbia hung it there to show what they'll do to Charlie Feldman if this picture's a floperoo."

Enter David Niven. He has completed a short scene with Ursula under the direction of Bob Parrish and is due to go over to Pinewood to continue work with a fresh director, John Huston. "Don't ask me what it's about, old boy," he says blandly. "John has asked me to play this part with a stutter, Bob wanted it without. So I just slipped in a tiny, quick stutter, on spec. as it were. Well, see you at Pinewood – I hope."

NEXT: THE HUSTON TOUCH

And here he is– Terence Cooper, the man who is living like Bond while he waits

What does it feel like to drive a racing car? For one thing it's terribly lonely. But it also provides ecstatic moments – just you, the car, the track and as much courage as you can muster, writes JOHN VINER.

THE LONELIEST SEAT IN THE WORLD

I have just pinched myself very hard and discovered to my bursting pride . . . I'm still alive. I can still sense excitement and danger, I can still appreciate things using senses other than my eyes. In fact, I have been employing areas of sensitivity I didn't know I had. One was the seat of my pants, and it became suddenly vital to me one Saturday morning when I went back to school at Brands Hatch racing circuit in Kent.

The school, called Motor Racing Stables, is like a normal one in many ways. There are teachers, pupils, classrooms, fees, even a blackboard; the pupils are divided into classes; you get black marks for mistakes; you can be expelled. Only the lessons are different – they are taught in a variety of highly bred sports and racing cars. The object – to find out if pupils possess that elusive make-up which spells racing driver; and if they have, to nurture and instruct that talent to the ultimate "butterfly" moment on the starting grid of a Formula III race, 20 other engines screaming around you and the flag about to fall.

But you don't get to the starting flag stage overnight. Not even energetic Mini drivers who haven't been overtaken in years. Just what is needed I discovered by attending as a first-day pupil myself. The circuit, on the school days of Friday and Saturday morning, is empty. The grandstands are bare rows of seats, the car parks deserted. In the pits a small cluster of men surround four slim Formula cars, a pair of Lotus Elan sports cars and a Lotus Cortina saloon car.

Before the eager pupil is allowed near a car he signs the somewhat grim "blood chit" – or, more properly, a form of indemnity. Geoffrey Clarke, the chief instructor and managing director of Motor Racing Stables (other instructors include the Hon Charles Crichton-Stuart, Keith St John, and occasionally Stirling Moss himself, briefs the would-be drivers. One phrase sticks in the mind: "It's terribly easy to write yourself off out there, with little or no ceremony, so please don't try."

He insists that your ambition is not to shatter the lap record. All you have to do is climb into the two-seater Lotus, an instructor with you, and drive as steadily as you would on a strange road in a strange car. "I'll be with you," says the intrepid Mr Clarke,

"just to see what sort of driver you are."

A quick scuttle across the track from the classroom in the grandstands to the pits, a nervous shuffle through a box of crash helmets (compulsory wear on the circuit), find one that fits and you're ready to go. The Elan suddenly looks terribly potent. The seat is adjusted so all the pedals are within easy reach; the engine starts. Wearing a crash helmet, which cuts out most noise, you rely almost entirely on the rev counter. The speedometer is thoughtfully disconnected. "Don't use more than 5,000 revs in any gear," says Mr Clarke. He looks calm and unruffled. Surely it's he who should be feeling tensed and excited?

The clutch bites fiercely and, with quick look behind at the track, you are at last driving a sports car round a racing circuit. Up through the gears and the first thing you notice is the precise air of the car: the slightest touch on the throttle brings an instant response. Suddenly Paddock Bend, the first corner, looms up; it drops away steeply to the right; it seems to go on and on; the earth bank on the left looks very close and very solid. Around the hairpin at Druids, down into Bottom Straight. As you begin to settle down and realise what's happening, the instructor yells, "There's a car coming up fast. Let him overtake on your inside." A blur sweeps by. The instructor asks if you can heel-and-toe, the expert's way of braking and changing down at the same time. You demonstrate to his apparent satisfaction.

All too soon the three exploratory laps are over, and you burble into the pits, suffused in a glow of huge elation. To bring you back to earth, the instructor, still amazingly calm and relaxed, goes through the list of points he was watching for in your driving.

Thoughts of the winner's laurel wreath, trophies spilling champagne, recede further and further as he drones through your faults. "You changed gear on a corner. You don't know much about lines through corners. You exceeded the rev limit by 500 revs." I was lucky, those were my only faults. But the check list includes such niceties as "trailing throttle," "locking wheels on braking," "driving with one hand continually on gear lever," "unsympathetic gear changes."

After the Elan follows an assessment of your capabilities and a further briefing. It has been known for people to be refused further instruction at this stage. They are the inevitable 5 per cent. "suicide" cases. But most of the pupils want either to become out-and-out racing drivers, or they simply want to improve their driving on the road. To do either or both they start in Grade Six and should emerge at Grade Two (ready to race). Somewhere between the two the pupil will have reached his natural limit – the point at which he feels he can go no faster. From that point the instruction takes over, as this is the only way to go faster and live to talk about it.

To move up from one grade to the next the pupil is required not only to drive faster but to drive faster *consistently* over a number of timed laps. First step in the progression is five laps in that ultimate device of all "motoring," the single-seat racing car.

Before your car is available, you stand, stomach turning quietly over, and watch other pupils screaming past the pits. Those engine notes, which from the grandstand are thrilling, seem suddenly terrifying.

All too soon one of the other two instructors, Derek Gay and Brian Jordan, are pointing to the Formula III Lotus and saying, "That's yours. Five laps at 4,500 revs; we'll give you a push start. Watch the flag marshal for the chequered flag."

If the Lotus Elan is different from an ordinary road car, the single-seater is the loneliest seat in the world. It is incredibly delicate and sensitive, it is noisy, it feels every bump and – thankfully, for the rank amateur – it is extremely forgiving. You don't "get in" a racing car; you insinuate yourself beneath the steering wheel, lying almost prostrate, arms in the classic full stretch position on a tiny steering wheel.

With a push start you emerge slowly on to the track and suddenly begin to understand what motor racing is all about. The car goes exactly where you want it. You try for the correct entry into a corner, clipping the apex, coming wide on the exit. "Accelerate firmly," you remember. "You should be either accelerating hard or braking hard; there's no inbetween." One lap to settle in, to get used to the noise and the wind, then gradually up to your imposed rev limit. The circuit suddenly seems all corners. There is no time to relax, to look anywhere but the track. You feel nothing but a tremendous, controlled excitement.

Other cars are on the circuit, and on the third lap a fellow *London Lifer*, Jeanette Collins, also on her first trip, falls behind looking disconsolate with a stalled engine. My five laps are over and I turn into the pit road. The instructors at the end of the pits look small beyond my front wheels. One last touch of brakes, into neutral, switch off. Derek Gay grins, reading the signs on my face. "You enjoyed it . . . I can see you did."

"Enjoy?" No, that's not the word. But there isn't a word to describe the most violent feeling of exultation in my life, a few minutes of absolute achievement – when it was simply me, the car, and all the courage I could muster.

But while it is such a magic moment, it is also only the fringe of real driving. The world of a Formula One "conductor" seems even farther off, but at least I have started on the right ladder. Perhaps I haven't got the necessary talent of feel, courage and skill to ever drive competitively . . . but I'm going back to find out.

Left: At speed for the first time on the track at Brands Hatch. Above: Jeanette Collins smiles as she pulls up in the pits: "Scary, but terrific fun."

Pictures by Peter Akehurst

THE NATIONAL THEATRE STRUGGLES WITH SUCCESS

As Olivier's film of Othello opens in the West End, his achievements are creating problems down in the Waterloo Road
Report by SUSAN LYDON

The film of Sir Laurence Olivier's *Othello* opens to the public in the West End on 3 May. Presumably audiences will be packing out the cinemas to see it as they have been packing out the Old Vic. Having *Othello* on film, aside from preserving the performance for posterity, brings it to the view of virtually everyone in Britain and will thus surely serve an important function for the National Theatre – taking the onus off them to produce seats for their most sought-after production.

These days, just two and a half years since they gave their first performance at the Old Vic, the National Theatre faces two enormous problems: that of getting their theatre built, and that of handling their absolutely phenomenal success. The latter poses more difficulties than a less fortunate company might think. In London, the National Theatre Company plays nightly to between 80 and over 100 per cent capacity audiences (standing room pushes it over the 100 mark).

And as George Rowbottom, General Manager, says, "You've got one set of headaches if you're playing to three-quarters empty houses, another set of headaches if you're trying to explain to people why they haven't yet been able to get in. Clearly, it's much healthier to have the second set. but they're still headaches." The headaches are complicated by the fact that the National never expected such success. This explains why they starred Peter O'Toole in their inaugural production, and why they began with the system of priority bookings which is still wreaking havoc in the box office.

Rupert Rhymes, House Manager, says, "In the early days we weren't quite sure what reaction the National would get. One had to have an interested following. What better way than to have people think they had a stake in the theatre?" They sent material to people who had expressed interest and charged them 5s to get on a mailing list and receive priority booking forms. The list was limited, and almost from the first demand was excessive. Having paid their 5s people felt they had a right to tickets, and the hard feelings created when they didn't get them offset the value of the extra income.

Now anyone can join the mailing list, for no charge. At the latest count it numbered 16,096, and new people join every day. Obviously there are not enough tickets to go round, as anyone who has ever received a "We regret" slip from the National knows. Part of the problem is purely mathematical – the Old Vic has only 878 seats, and those don't divide easily into pairs – and part of the problem is in the booking form.

The National Theatre is worried about the number of people who are being turned away, many for needless reasons encouraged by the advance booking form. They have just completed an extensive analysis of the forms received for the period that covered performances from 1 February to 1 April. In that period, just under a third of the applicants got everything they wanted; a third got some of what they wanted; and a third got nothing. Clearly it would have been better for everyone to have received some of what he wanted, and mathematically this would have been feasible.

The regret slip always reads, "there were no more seats left in accordance with your request when your application was dealt with." Your request is for tickets to a certain production, in a certain price range (this predetermined by the A-B-C system, invented by a firm of management consultants), on three possible dates. The dates present the problem. Most people, applying for dates weeks in advance, tend to ask for the first three performances of a play. If all the tickets for these performances have been allotted, you will receive no tickets for the play, though some may be available on other dates. It is hoped that on the National's booking form for next year (beginning in July) the applicant will be able to give them authority to allot tickets for any date they are available, making it more probable that he will eventually be able to see the play he wants.

What seems unfair to people is that they may be turned away consistently while someone else is consistently lucky. This, too, the National is trying to remedy. A system of priority for people who had been unlucky in the past would become too unwieldy. ("From the last booking period alone we could fill *Othello* for the next four. It would be ridiculous to put up a sign saying, '*Othello* sold out for six months'.") But, for the next form, Rhymes says discreetly, "One will put into effect the lessons that one has learnt."

The new booking form may alleviate some of the bitterness about the difficulty of obtaining tickets, as will this summer's 10-week season at the Queen's Theatre (seating capacity: approximately 1,000) meant, in Kenneth Tynan's words, "to mop up some of the extra audience." But with demand rising all the time there will still be refusals, and hard feelings. The box office staff rightly point out that at the root of the bitterness are the psychological associations with the word "National," and nothing more. One may fail to get tickets for Sadler's Wells, Covent Garden, or the Royal Shakespeare Company, all also subsidised by the Government. But there is something particularly galling about being refused seats at a *national* theatre, as there would be rightful indignation at being refused treatment under the National Health Service.

What, then, should a national theatre be? The picture that comes to mind is an usherette at the Théâtre National Populaire in Paris, who, when someone tried

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Olivier's Othello is a carefully studied interpretation, and the last great Shakesperian role he has undertaken. He has managed to assume the physical manner of the Moor (right), the sinuous movement and the fluid gesture.

Put out the light, and then put out the light – Othello moves into Desdemona's bedroom (left) and suffocates his wife. Maggie Smith plays Desdemona. The film was made in studios using the costumes (above and below) familiar in the National Theatre production.

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to tip her for showing him to his seat, refused, saying, "No. It's *your* theatre." This, perhaps, is an ideal conception, and one for which it might be useless to strive. The National Theatre has never meant to belong to the man in the street, to be *everyone's* theatre. It would mean, to a certain extent, cosseting audiences, and Kenneth Tynan, Literary Adviser, says, "I'm opposed to making theatre too easy. It has always been a minority art, and I think it should stay like that." Tynan does worry that the National's seats are too expensive for working-class people. "Though," he says, "at the moment we're so pleased the audiences are coming that we're not asking them what class they are."

The National Theatre's first duty is not to the public. Nor is its first duty to a specific playwright, as the duty of the Comedie Française is to base its repertory on Molière, the Moscow Arts on Chekhov. In that sense, the Royal Shakespeare Company is more properly a national theatre. In some ways, National Theatre is a misnomer, a name held over from the time, over a century ago, when the whole project was only a chimera. "It just happens to be a title," says Tynan. "We think of ourselves as an international theatre."

National, in fact, refers only to its being State-subsidised – meaning not that the theatre has an obligation to the taxpayer, but that the State has recognised the Government's obligation to theatre. Shaw, speaking of an earlier movement to found a national theatre, said: "The State must support it, even if its finest performances are attended by only one dreaming boy or girl in the gallery, let in for nothing."

What the State has enabled the National Theatre to do is present a repertory of its own choosing, free of the pressure on Shaftesbury Avenue to present a commercial success, and free of even the partial pressure on most repertory companies to produce some successes to pay for more daring productions. But there is great pressure on the National to justify its existence artistically.

The National must also fulfil an obligation to its pioneers, Harley Granville-Barker and William Archer, and follow their objectives:

To keep the plays of Shakespeare in the repertory of the theatre.

To revive whatever else was vital in English classical drama.

To prevent recent plays of great merit from falling into oblivion.

To produce new plays and further to develop the modern drama.

To produce translations and not mere adaptations of representative works of the foreign drama, ancient and modern.

To stimulate the art of acting through the variety of opportunities which it

continued overleaf

Maggie Smith and Sir Laurence Olivier as Desdemona and Othello at the tranquil opening of the turbulent story.

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would offer to the members of a theatre.

These objectives the National faithfully works toward, though some take precedence over others. All are taken into account when planning the repertory, but for Tynan, the most important thing is "to make British audiences aware that they have been living completely cut off from the drama of Europe. We have had to build the enormous and non-existent bridge to the past."

Translations of foreign plays have been commissioned, notably the translations of two Lope de Vega plays by Alan Sillitoe and John Osborne. "We try to cast translators with the same care that we cast actors," says Tynan. "*La Fianza Satisfecha* would have been impossible for anyone but Osborne; he was temperamentally akin to it." For the National's production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, Robert Graves was employed to revise the language ("Only to get the jokes across," they said, almost before the criticisms were levelled. Graves was merely to replace obsolete Elizabethan with understandable Elizabethan). Unfortunately, the National was unable to do a new translation of Brecht's *Mother Courage*, which badly needs one.

It is only in the production of new plays that one notices a lack in the National's repertory. *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* and *Black Comedy*, both by Peter Shaffer, are the only plays they have launched. And though they receive 20 to 25 plays unsolicited each week, their choice of new plays is hampered by the loyalties leading playwrights established to other theatres before the National Theatre began. Harold Pinter has an agreement with the Royal Shakespeare; Bill Naughton has loyalty to the Mermaid; John Arden and John Osborne to the Royal Court.

But if the National has not yet been able to take risks with its plays, it has risked daring productions (*Much Ado About Nothing* set in Edwardian Sicily, complete with Italian accents; and *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* which dared spectacular, total theatre with all the stops pulled), and it has taken risks with its actors, stimulating the art of acting in accordance with its credo. Maggie Smith, for example, joined the company with an established reputation as a comedienne, and was given the chance to do Desdemona.

"At the National," says Robert

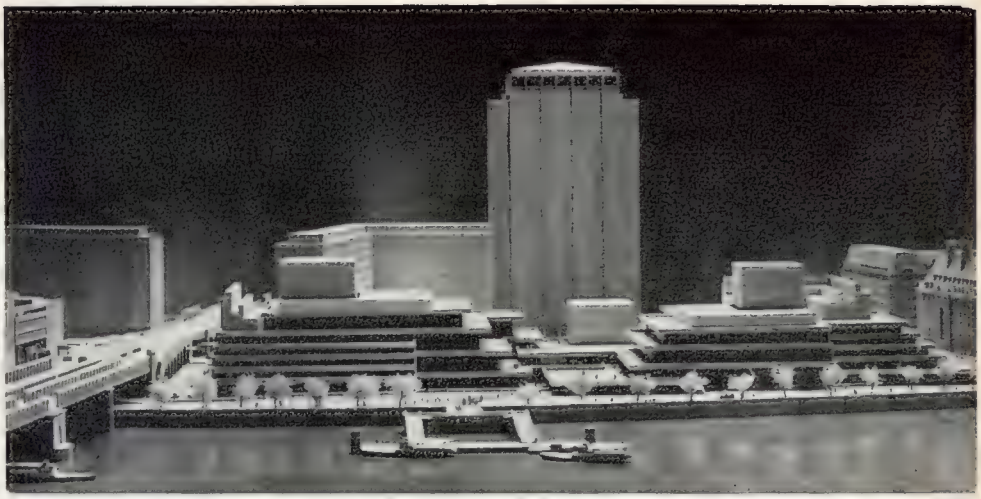
Stephens, "actors have got to stretch themselves all the time; they are absolutely forced to use the utmost imagination." When Stephens was asked to join the Chichester company, which was to form the core of the National's company, he resisted. "But what sold me on the National was John Dexter's asking me to play the Dauphin in *Saint Joan*. Physically, I was completely wrong for the part; he has to be a small, withered-up man. The challenge of making myself appear that way . . . I thought, yes, and I'll join the National. In the commercial theatre you're inevitably type-cast – if you make a great success of one part, they all want you to play the same kind of parts. It wasn't until I played the Dauphin that I got rid of George Dillon."

With salaries comparing very favorably with other repertory companies and reasonably well with the commercial theatre, and a guarantee of steady work and interesting parts (leading players are contracted to play a specified line of parts in most cases, except for Albert Finney, who flabbergasted Sir Laurence and Kenneth Tynan by announcing, "I'll play as cast"), the National Theatre can "persuade actors to go out on a limb and do a part that might not be done in the commercial theatre where their reputations would depend on the success or failure of the play," says Tynan. "You can say to them, 'Now you have the security, take the risk.' "

And the National risks itself as well as its actors by casting, say, 22-year-old Louise Purnell in the title role of *Trelawney of the "Wells."* Working on an anti-star system, or at least judiciously hiding the existence of such as Finney in advance publicity and cast lists, they have established the National Theatre *Company* as the real star. No one at the National would deny that Sir Laurence or Maggie Smith draws in the crowds, but so, they argue, does Louise Purnell.

In fact, it seems as though *everything* done by the National draws in the crowds. David Merrick, the American impresario, who is trying to arrange for the National Theatre to visit the States, perhaps to do five plays, calls them "The best theatre in the world." The accolades and the box office success are based on the high standard of acting which has become the National's hallmark, and that is ultimately traceable to Sir Laurence.

Geraldine McEwan, who joined the company last May, says: "Sir Laurence has been very good in building up ensemble feeling in the company." "He's done it," Robert Stephens adds, "out of a very motley crew of actors, and the reason he's been so successful is that he's an actor himself. When a director's at the top, you sometimes feel as if he doesn't understand your difficulties. But the actors in the company know that they can go to Sir Laurence with a problem as an actor and he will understand. He has an enormous feeling for and interest in his actors." Mike Gambon, an actor who has so far done walk-ons, understudying and small parts, feels that this atmosphere pervades the entire company: "Partly because no one has to fight every inch of the way, people are willing to help one another."



Architect Denys Lasdun's model of the new National Theatre and Opera House, sited close by the South Bank of the Thames. The main theatre, which is on the right of the picture, will hold over 1,000 people. The proscenium theatre, on the left, will hold 750 people, and the experimental theatre, underneath the proscenium theatre, will hold 200 people. Cost: £7½ million. Opening: by 1971.

Olivier, "on trial," as the *Sunday Times* wrote in 1962, can afford to stand on his record of having established a permanent company in two and a half years. And the company – "the crack regiment, the elite corps," as Tynan calls them – would do any director proud. Unfortunately, though, Olivier's successful record is confined to conquering London. While London audiences fight to get into the Vic, the Company plays to half-empty houses in the provinces. The National uses a variety of ploys to attract provincial audiences – a popular one is to send certain productions to the leading actor's home town. Thus *Hobson's Choice* was revived for the Belfast tour (Colin Blakely being an Ulster man), and *Armstrong's Last Goodnight* went down better in Manchester, Finney's home town, than it did even in London. Still, it is a great embarrassment to the National that people don't come to see them in the provinces.

They are in a bind in the provinces – seemingly, they cannot do the right thing. "We send Sir Laurence out on tour," says Tynan, "and the audiences say, 'We don't want your snobby West End stars' and stay home. When we don't send Sir Laurence, they think we're only giving them second best and stay home." Tynan thinks the answer is for the National to go on television. "TV to attract the grown-up audiences and schools programmes to attract the young."

Even with seat prices lower than they are in London and poor attendance, the National does not lose money on their provincial tours; special additional grants from the Arts Council guarantee tour costs. Paradoxically, it is in London, where they consistently pack out the Vic, that the National is losing money. They are badly in the red, with an overdraft that fluctuates around £130,000. Last year their grant from the Arts Council was near £160,000, based on 10s for every pound taken in at the box office. The Greater London Council contributed around £60,000. Of this money, approximately £55,000 went to production and maintenance costs, and the great bulk of that, says Kenneth Rae, Secretary to the National Theatre Board, was spent on stagehands' overtime. "No one can run repertory other than at a loss," says Rae, "but when you have to run it in an old fashioned theatre not designed for repertory, the costs become ridiculous."

For this financial year (which began on 1 April), the Arts Council has increased its grant to £200,000, and it is hoped that they will also give the National a special grant to wipe off the overdraft. Rae says that the National could now manage on £300,000, and, when the new theatre is built, even less.

"When the new theatre is built . . ." is a phrase used often at the National. The National Theatre, as a physical reality as well as a company which bears that name, is still very much a goal, and one of the National's primary *raisons d'être*. In 1949 the government promised up to £1 million towards the building of a National Theatre. It might have cost that in 1949; now it will probably cost about £7.5 million to build. The latest date given for its probable completion is 1971, and it is a date to which everyone at the National looks forward. Says Kenneth Rae: "For 17 years I was the only employee of the National Theatre, carrying on a fight for it that was dreary and frustrating. I shall only feel my job is done when the theatre is built, and I hope they will have a ramp for my bath chair on opening night."

Othello has a Royal Charity Première at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on 2 May and transfers to the Odeon, Haymarket, for a special season on 3 May. More about films on page 46.

BUSY? HERE'S A NEW WAY TO RELAX

Tired, listless, depressed? What you need is Transcendental Meditation. Not a new bedtime drink, but a system of relaxation based on the teaching of an Indian called Maharashi Mahesh Yogi.

He founded the Spiritual Regeneration Movement in Great Britain which for the next six weeks is organising a campaign in London to spread the word about their system of meditation.

The campaign will include public lectures and a sort of "Neurotics Anonymous" telephone service whereby anybody feeling the need of a deep think can have instant advice.

They have an office in Grosvenor Place, Belgravia, where a peaceful sounding young lady called Miss Forrestor talks about Meditation.

"Maharashi spent 13 years in the Himalayas," she said, "and formulated a simple system of meditation that would benefit the world at large. It is now practised by thousands all over the world.

"It can be done by anybody – housewife to tycoon. The method is to completely relax for half an hour morning and evening. This is what we teach."

The Movement is headed in this country by a London surgeon and a Board of Trustees. It is a charitable organisation – money comes from donations given in return for tuition in meditation.

"We normally ask for a donation, but if someone cannot afford it we do not press them."

Transcendental Meditation first came to Britain in 1959 – now London is one of 20 centres throughout the world.

"It is not just for the naturally contemplative man," they told us, "it is particularly for the busy, active man with responsibilities and commitments.

"The method is simple and effortless and starts to be effective from the beginning."

The details of method and effects will be fully described at public lectures on Tuesday, 3 May, at Caxton Hall, 7.30 pm; Wednesday, 25 May, in the Lecture Hall at Kensington Public Library, Phillimore Walk, W8, 7.30 pm.

THIS IS BAYSWATER

The area of Bayswater is best described as a dormitory Soho – the various nationalities are there, the highly spiced restaurants are there, the markets are there. The only real difference lies in the daily population: where Soho tends to go up, Bayswater tends to go down. Another difference, this time financial, is that while the west end of Bayswater is quite definitely cosmopolitan, the eastern boundary, near Hyde Park Square, is only for those who can afford it. Around Orme Square and Hyde Park Square, those large elegant houses are not sub-divided into confusions of flats; instead, the old principle prevails of one house, one family. And the cost of maintaining that old principle is from £25,000 upwards.

No one knows what the Duke of Wellington thought, but in Norfolk Terrace, now called Westbourne Grove, a nephew of old "Bony," one Louis Lucien Bonaparte, lived in 1850. Actually, Napoleon would have had no reason to crow: his nephew was born here in England.

For a level view of the Hilton Hotel, climb to the top of Bayswater's block of skyscraper flats, Camden Towers. Dancer Lionel Blair has made his eyrie there and one gentle spin takes in the White City, the BBC Television Centre, Hammersmith Bridge, almost every Mini-Cooper in Kensington, the Albert Hall and Marble Arch. On a clear day it is possible to imagine yourself within breathing distance of the crispness of Hampstead Heath. On a less clear day you can tell at a glance if the Portobello Road market is crowded or just normally full.

Students of criminology will already have listed the addresses of infamous murderers like Heath, Haigh and Christie. At one time or another they all lived in Bayswater.

Two things on the small side about Bayswater: Orme Square, home of the Earl of Harewood, is London's second smallest square. Number 10, Hyde Park Place *(above)*, is recognised as the smallest house in London, measuring just 16 feet by four feet. It was built early in the last century by a gentleman who thought it a fit place for his manservant to live. The last occupant quit after a particularly heavy night of bombing during the last war. Due to its limited dimensions, the interior of the house is constructed in miniature, and only the front door is of normal size. Staff problems in those days were obviously little ones.

The name Bayswater is a contraction from the original name, Baynards Watering, which originated in 1623.

The Portobello Road street market survives today as the happy hunting ground for lovers of old silver, furniture of every description and enough junk to fill every suburban loft in the home counties. Its character hasn't changed so much since the 1860s, when the market was founded. Until 1909 the street was presided over by the raucous-voiced Queen of the Costermongers. One of the oldest established shops in Portobello Road is Jessie Smith, the Florists, who have been dispensing "Spring Fever" since 1858. Although the market is open every day, regular bargain-hunters claim Saturday morning is the most fruitful, and then at the very top end of the market.

The most cutting of railway cuttings has given Leinster Gardens, Bayswater, a clever façade of three houses. Matched in Regency style with the rest of the road, they are actually three plain walls carefully painted with doors and windows to fool the passer-by. But don't try walking through the front door . . . there is a sheer drop to the District Line beneath.

Once known as "Asia Minor" because of the influx of gentlemen from that part of the globe, Bayswater still boasts churches of almost every denomination. While Moscow Road is close to the Russian Orthodox Church, it also covers some gravel pits which extended to Kensington during Georgian times.

Bayswater boasts the largest privately owned square in London. It is the wired and locked area of Ladbroke Square, maintained entirely by private subscription – an excellent place for walking the dog, contemplative thinking or simply gazing at the neatly sculpted lawns and flower beds. One resident with the privileged key to the square is Labour's Mr Roy Jenkins.

Queensway forms the commercial spine of Bayswater. Amid the hosts of coffee bars, snack bars and restaurants, there are two Underground stations, the Olympic Casino, the very well established store, Whiteley's, and Queen's Ice Skating Rink. Queen's continues as the training rink for many world class skaters and also as a favoured meeting place of those leggy contenders in the débutante stakes. Tuesday morning is the debs' morning for meeting.

A MODEL OF COURAGE

by Cherry Ward

The bedroom is painted in black and gold, the bed is covered with a white bear skin and on that lies a slight, tiny female figure – so frail that she is almost lost in all the fur. It is only when you get to her eyes that the room becomes insignificant and the girl, in spite of her size, takes over. Adele de Havilland's expressive, long-lashed eyes smouldered from the magazine covers on every bookstall five years ago, then suddenly disappeared. Photographers, women editors, advertisers and readers came to the natural conclusion – the popular cover girl had gone out of fashion.

Muscle disease

But the story is quite different. Adele *(picture above)* has been confined to her bed for the last three years, suffering from a painful and incurable muscle-wasting disease. It was even an effort for her to move to throw her keys out of the window to her friends when they called. Today, despite everything, she is back. Her face may soon be a familiar sight again, for although she cannot go to the cameras she has decided to let the cameras come to her – at home.

This courageous model says: "It's funny, but I always dream that I'm rushing somewhere – on my legs, of course. I'm late and I gallop down a street – or I'm swimming. When I wake up I actually swing my legs off the bed – ready to leap out. Then reality comes back like a cold shower. Yet these dreams are so real they are stronger than everyday and I cannot accept the idea of always lying here – it just cannot happen. When my parents, who live outside London, come to see me, I muster all strength and courage and put up a pretty good show. Also, I have a team of very old friends who must love visiting me as much as I love seeing them, as they have been coming for years. They clean and cook and buy the necessaries." Quite recently a photographer friend said she ought to be ashamed to lie around like a lazy feline. There was no reason, he said, why she couldn't work as before. To prove his point he took close-ups of her very attractive face, which whizzed round the world. At the moment she is sought after by several top beauty firms and magazines for lipsticks, hair, eyes and skin. With a bit of luck, Adele de Havilland will be a busy model again soon.

Incredibly small

"I'm ashamed now to have lain here all that time," she sighed. "I have always been incredibly small all over and therefore not much good for clothes fashion. I concentrated on hair, hats and make-up. The trouble is I'm so tired and although I *can* walk across the room, it's all so ghastly that I find any excuse not to do it."

In the beginning she continued to go out and refused to be bedbound. Friends carried her to restaurants, cinemas and pubs . . . but her natural pride put a quick stop to this. "Most people thought it was a joke, seeing me being carried in or out," she said. "Worse still, they thought it was romantic."

Her room is equipped with a television set, radio, record player and piles of books. "People suggest I should write – but what about? I can't even read for long periods, because I'm short-sighted. And I hate depending on people but I have to and I am touched to find that my being ill brings out the best in people."

After seeing specialists, herbalists, electrotherapists and faith healers, Adele has found someone who swears he can work a miracle – and she believes him. At the moment she is undergoing treatment which she hopes will produce results by June. "Maybe when I'm better," she says quietly, "I'll be a better person – I must have learnt something from being through all this."

LONDON LOVES PICNICS

The faintest gleam of sunshine and there are the Londoners, eating sandwiches in Regent's Park, morosely chewing away in lay-bys, bringing the hamper out of the Bentley, gathering round a travelling rug and passing out the potato salad. Some people take picnics casually – cheese and an apple in a paper bag are as far as they're prepared to go; but others bring to a picnic all the culinary fervour they can lay hands on. They make casseroles the night before and pack them into insulated food jars; they buy containers that can keep food either hot or cold and fill them with ice-cream or soup; they take spirit stoves to make the tea on, and chairs to sit on while they're drinking it. Photographed here are some of the accessories for picnickers who prefer the soft life.

In the background, the ultimate in fitted hampers; includes plates, cups and saucers for 12 people, bone-handled cutlery, compartments for bottles and glasses, a separate bar-case – from Asprey. Golf umbrella/shooting-stick £11 11s 6d – from Harrods. Japanese charcoal barbecue with removable legs, £4 12s 6d; striped fold-away chair, £1 12s; vacuum jug, £1 6s 10d; Insulex food jar, £2 5s 6d; mugs, also by Insulex, 6s 6d each; gas cylinder stove, £3 9s 11d; kettle, 7s 6d; two air-tight food containers by Ekco-ware, 2s 5d and 5s 6d – all from Selfridges.

Picture by John Kelly

More and more people are overcoming their reluctance to exchange their homes during the holiday months . . . and here are some of the reasons why.

LETTING YOUR HOME TO HELP PAY FOR YOUR HOLIDAY

by Sheila FitzJones

A lot of readers have inquired about how to go about renting their homes for a few weeks while they are away on holiday. Most estate agents aren't interested in letting furnished accommodation for a period of less than three months, but there are some agencies in the London area who specialise in holiday-home lets on very short leases. Some of these can make advance arrangements, others get the majority of their inquiries from visitors who have already arrived here and who want accommodation immediately. Most agencies say that they have more inquiries than they have houses, especially in Central London. They say, too, that you can usually get about one-third or more rental on a short-term letting than the flat/house would be worth if it was rented for a longer period.

Main difficulty is fitting the dates to suit both parties, so it would seem worthwhile to put your name down with all the agencies so that you can get the widest choice of applicants. Another way you can use your home to help with holiday expenses is to exchange it with someone else's.

Details of companies that organise systems to this effect, plus agencies that specialise in short-term lets, are featured on this page.

HOLIDAY HOME SWOP SCHEME

If you want to do a straight swop with someone – your house or flat in direct exchange with someone else's – the easiest way is to register with

HOME INTERCHANGE LTD.
19 Bolton Street, W1
(GIB 2732).

The British side of this business is run by Mrs Jeanne Ryder, member of the British Travel and Holidays Association. The scheme has been running successfully now for five years, and this year they will have had over 700 homes scattered throughout the world on their register.

Homes Interchange have tie-ups with offices in America, Scandinavia and the Continent. You pay £2 10s to become a subscriber, which means that your own home is entered into the directory, with details of accommodation and preferences, if any, of localities in which you would like to effect your swop. You receive a copy of the directory and later supplements as these are published. From then on, you are on your own, and it is up to you to write to those addresses which sound attractive to you to determine if they are still free, take up references (if you want to), exchange photographs, and so on.

Although it is too late for your own home to be listed in the 1966 directory, you can still receive this by paying £2 10s – and this means that you can still write off to people with whom you would like to exchange homes and describe your own accommodation in your letter to them. Homes in the 1966 directory include some in Japan, the Virgin Islands, Peru, Canada as well as many in New York, Paris and Rome.

UNIVERSAL AUNTS
36 Walpole Street, SW3
(SLO 9834)

Receive a lot of inquiries for holiday flats in London, many of them from 'regulars" who have dealt with them before and whom they can recommend from past experience. If you want to register your home with them send full particulars to the House Agency Department. Universal Aunts take on lets for any length of time and already they have people on their books who want accommodation in London for 1967 holidays. Many inquiries are passed on to them by the British Travel and Holidays Association.

Will take 10 per cent from landlord of full rental received. In return, they handle all financial details, taking of deposits, taking up references (bankers' and social), and arrange for meter checking. Usually recommend landlords to ask for a £25 deposit and to include light and heating in overall rental if tenancy is to be for a month or less.

To safeguard landlord (in view of new Rent Act), they recommend he gets tenant to sign a Special Short Tenancy Agreement, which states that the landlord is the occupier/owner and that the tenant must vacate the premises on a specified date. Universal Aunts will also try and arrange exchange holiday/homes.

ALAN LORD
67 Marylebone High Street, W1
(HUN 1179)

Receive a lot of advance inquiries from people wishing to visit London. So unlike many other estate agents who get the majority of inquiries from people who are already in town, Alan Lord can often make arrangements well in advance.

They will take on lettings of two weeks and upwards, and charge the landlord 10 per cent. of rental received. In addition, they will take care of all financial arrangements, references, inventory if required (cost of this is split between landlord and tenant), deposit and meter reading.

JAMES AND JACOBS LTD
94 Jermyn Street, SW1
(WHI 0261)

Charge landlord 10 per cent. of rental and will take charge of deposits, inventory, meter reading, and so on. Inventory costs about 6 guineas for drawing up and a further 4 guineas checking-out fee. They do not inspect properties for short-term lets, and many of their inquiries are from people already on holiday here. So although you might have your name on their books for some weeks, you might not meet with success until very near the time your home is to be vacant.

LONDON ACCOMMODATION BUREAU
309 Oxford Street, W1
(MAY 9499)

Specialise in short-term lets from May to September. Most inquiries come from people already in town, and LAB will only take note of the accommodation you have to offer a month in advance of when the tenancy is to start. They charge landlord one week's rental for short-term lettings.

THIS SHOULD REALLY SET THE THAMES ON FIRE

This is a year of great anniversaries in London. And two of them – the tercentenary of the Great Fire of London and the Centenary of the London Fire Brigade – will be marked with a grand pageant on the Thames. The pageant is scheduled for September, but already plans are being made to make this the most spectacular event of the year.

Thousands of words are flowing out in publicity handouts reverberating with adjectives ". . . drawing the attention of Britons to the history, importance and possibilities of their own river, and of the world at large to this abiding symbol of the power and greatness of what has been called the proudest capital in Europe."

The pageant will take the form of a fleet of decorated and illuminated craft. Orchestras and massed bands will play on the banks of the river under floodlights. This fleet will make a journey from near Tower Bridge up to Lambeth Bridge or beyond and return to Upper Pool along the stretch of the Thames called King's Reach. The procession will assemble in daylight, move off at dusk and return in about two hours. There will be a grand finale of fireworks, aircraft will "strew the sky with red vapour" to simulate the Great Fire.

Organised by the *London Evening News*, the pageant has the backing of everyone from the Lord Mayor down. And the Lord Mayor's barge will be one of the main craft in the procession. It will be led by the River Police and the firefloats of the London Fire Brigade with their hoses spraying jets of water like moving fountains. There are even plans for "artificial moonlight" projected into the sky from light units on the ground.

The date is Friday 9 September. The procession is timed to start just before 8 pm. And the whole thing sounds as if it is going to make an even bigger impact on London than the original Great Fire.

BUT SHE'S NOT A SNIPER...

Anjanette Comer (right) is the girl with a gun, lounging in the salon of top designer Louis Feraud when she went to choose clothes for her role in the film of Len Deighton's novel *Funeral in Berlin*. Outside, across the road is the Elysee Palace, home of President de Gaulle, guarded by armed gendarmes. Quite a temptation for a spy – a real one that is. Or a sniper. But 23-year-old Anjanette is, of course, more interested in her film career. She is in *The Loved One*, on in London at the moment, and has just finished making *South West of Sonara* with Marlon Brando. "I'm really a very peace-loving girl," she says. But there is a deal of shooting in the film – sequel to *The Ipcress File* – and it takes place in Berlin and London. Though she totes a gun for most of the time, she manages to look chic and not conspicuous in a raincoat that conceals a sten-gun, or a dress that hides a revolver. Anjanette comes from Dallas, Texas, where she was taught to be handy with a gun. Of Michael Caine, who again plays Harry Palmer, she says simply: "He's the coolest."

THE WEEK AHEAD

DISCS

Those magnificent Lovin' Spoonful (*above*) release an album called *Daydream*, after the Top 20 hit with this as a single in England and No 1 in the US. After a very successful tour in Europe and a few days in London they have just returned to the States. This LP is mainly written by themselves and their electric personalities generate through each song. Terrific track called *Bald Headed Lena* (what a name!) and *Warm Baby*. Frank, Dean, Sammy and Bing have a new LP called *The Summit* which has many old favourites on it such as *Guys & Dolls* and *Style* and perhaps the longest title for a song – *Oldest Established (permanently floating crap game in New York), In Our Image* by the Everly Brothers (LP) which includes their big hit *The Price of Love*. They are at present touring Ireland and are planning to come to London on the 30 April to record the Hippodrome show, then they are going to tour Germany, then return to London again to make a new single. Dionne Warwick has a new single coming out called *Message to Michael* which is adapted from *Message to Martha*, a beautiful single in her untouchable style. Geno Washington and the Ram Jam Band, a new English group (although Geno is American), have a single entitled *Water* which has a very American sound. This group was originally formed by Peter Gage and has seven members. The Ram Jam Club in Brixton Road was called after them and they play there very often. Decca are releasing all of these discs on 29 May. Stevie Wonder has a new single out called *Nothing's Too Good For My Baby*; it has the same beaty Motown sound as *Uptight*, his last single. Stevie will be touring England in June. The Bow Street Runners are releasing the Beatles number from Rubber Soul *Drive My Car* with Mike (too much) Patto singing the lead and with the other members of the group giving strong instrumental and vocal support. An exciting disc

THEATRE

The Polish Popular Theatre is at the Aldwych with a dramatisation of *Crime and Punishment* and also *The Columbus Boys: Warsaw 44-66*, a reconstruction of the Warsaw uprising of 1944 and struggles of the immediate post-war period. The main characters in this play are real people and some of the actors fought alongside them in the rebellion. There are a number of interesting events happening on the outskirts of London – Vanessa Redgrave at Golders Green, Eleanor Bron at Guildford and Barbara Ferris at Wimbledon. Theatre programmes page 44

FILMS

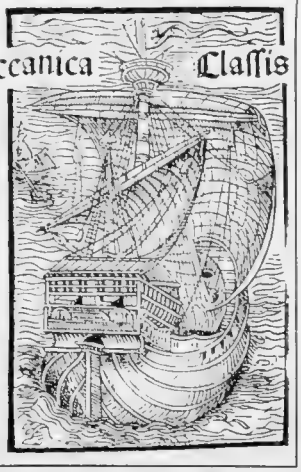
So often one hears lamented the passing of the old stars but the phrase "They don't make them like they used to" applies more to films than actresses. Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, Tallulah Bankhead: they are all turning their melodramatic talents towards horror films. The latest recruit is Joan Fontaine, just beginnir g her first brush with voodoo rites at Bray Studios. David Castell writes on page 46. West End cinema programmes (the film record of Olivier's *Othello* opening on 2 May) on page 47 and a comprehensive guide to the suburban cinemas on pages 48 and 49

MUSIC

Musical appreciation and sponsoring by the authorities varies from country to country. Begrudgingly, Britain recognises the musical arts and is continually increasing its annual grants – but even so, we still lack adequate facilities for staging first-class opera and ballet. So when an important opera company like the Hamburg State Opera visits London we are shamed into allocating them second-rate accommodation. . . . Western Theatre Ballet's controversial new ballet, *Sun Into Darkness*, has provoked a certain amount of criticism as to the suitability of David Rudkin's scenario and its interpretation via dance-drama (see review on page 45) . . . more about music on page 51

BOOKS

Another outstanding week: a second Modesty Blaise novel by Peter O'Donnell; the first English translation of a novel by Carlo Emilio Gadda, an Italian novelist who has been called "the Italian James Joyce"; an original Penguin on Vietnam; Michael Chaplin's autobiography; American writer Stephen Schneck's Prix Formentor winner; a second novel from John Fowles, author of *The Collector*; and two superbly illustrated books, one about Mayfair by Reginald Colby and one called *Great Rivers of Europe*, with an introduction by Alan Bullock, published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson on 28 April, with historical and present-day drawings and photographs of the rivers of Europe. *Below* is an engraving of Columbus's flagship, *The Santa Lucia*. Full details of books to be published this week on page 50



GALLERIES

The amiable Chinese warrior (*above*), made from grey earthenware, with traces of white slip and red paint, was created between AD 265 and 589. If you hadn't been told you might have guessed it was an Icelandic spaceman. But the photo looks reasonably like the original. Colour reproductions of pictures are very often so variable as to become a fantasy world of their own. Keith Sutton poses the question which seems to him to be getting out of hand . . . but he is on firmer ground recommending a large number of works of art of all ages and styles now available in London's many art galleries. See pages 52 and 53

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THEATRE

FIRST FIVE: 1 Noël Coward double bill. 2 Arsenic & Old Lace. 3 Hello Dolly! 4 Man & Superman. 5 Incident at Vichy.

One thing you can say about the theatre – it's always being enthusiastic about itself, always pushy, always sounding off, always trying to be the most important thing around. It needs to be like this, of course. For basically the British are not a great theatre-going public. They'll flock in droves to see a Star (chance what he's in), and someone with the magnetism of John Neville can make a provincial repertory company flourish brilliantly. But the British never go to the theatre with the same will as they go to football, bingo, or the cinema.

From time to time efforts are made to break this barrier and bring the theatre to the people – to make it cheaper, more fun, less restricted by snobbery. The Old Vic filled this function rather successfully before the war; the Royal Shakespeare Company with its flourishing club is building, and so is the English Stage Company. But these are London-based operations and the spear-head of apathy is seated in the provinces.

Many gallant little companies – playing drama, ballet and opera – tour constantly bringing theatre to theatre-less places. But something much bigger and more national is required. The National Theatre is clearly not doing much in this direction: its tours are limited and when no big names are appearing audiences tend to be less than capacity.

Disley Jones's settings for for the new Danny la Rue musical "Come Spy with Me" are all executed in white-but of different textures.

Arnold Wesker is still struggling to erect his Centre 42, a trade-union based scheme for bringing every aspect of the arts to the industrial population. And now Frank Dunlop has begun to operate *his* answer to the problem with Pop Theatre.

The title is possibly rebarbative, sending out waves of coke bottles, Batman and sunglasses. But Dunlop insists that the pop in the title is short for popular in its sense of for everyone. He wants to make theatre-going cheaper and to play to as wide an audience as possible.

Now he is planning a tour called *Anything for a Laugh: or 400 Years of Comedy*, a package show presenting gobbets of English comedy from *Gammer Gurton's Needle* right up to GBS, taking in pantomime and music hall *en route*. Apart from Manchester the tour will only touch places that have no existing theatre.

j roger baker

So far no member of the audience at one of last week's performances of "Alibi for a Judge" at the Savoy Theatre has reported seeing 13 jurymen in the trial scene. But there were, and the 13th man had a camera. It was "London Life" photographer John Kelly, who has been going backstage to try and give theatre photography a lift. Andrew Cruickshank is the judge.

WEST END

openings

Th 28 Apr: **CRIME & PUNISHMENT.** Aldwych Theatre, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 6404). Author: Feodor Dostoievsky. Dir: Adam Hanuszkiewicz. Cast: Polish Popular Theatre. 7.0

M 2 May: **THE COLUMBUS BOYS.** Aldwych Theatre, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 6404). Author: Roman Bratny. Dir: Adam Hanuszkiewicz. Cast: Polish Popular Theatre. 7.0

current

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Authors: Felicity Douglas, Henry Cecil. Dir: Hugh Goldie. Stars: Andrew Cruickshank, Colin Gordon, Amanda Grinling. High Court judge gets involved with the pretty wife of a man he has sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 4 Aug 1965

THE ANNIVERSARY, Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). Author: Bill MacIlwraith. Dir: Patrick Dromgoole. Cast: Michael Crawford, Sheila Hancock, Jack Hedley, June Ritchie, Mona Washbourne, James Cossins. 8.0. Sat: 5.30, 8.30. W: 3.0. Opened 20 Apr 1966

ARSENIC & OLD LACE, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Author: Joseph Kesselring. Dir: Murray Macdonald. Revival of a classic black comedy. Cast: Sybil Thorndike, Athene Seyler, Richard Briers, Desmond Walter-Ellis, Julia Lockwood, Lewis Casson. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.45 (ends 5.5). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 23 Feb 1966

BABES IN THE WOOD, London Palladium, Argyll Street, W1 (GER 7373). Music and lyrics: The Shadows. Dir: Albert J Knight. Cast: Frank Ifield, Sid James, Roy Kinnear, Kenneth Connor, Arthur Askey. Ifield makes a yodelling Robin Hood in spectacular Sherwood. 2.45 (ends 5.45), 7.30 (ends 10.30). Opened 21 Dec 1965. Ends 30 Apr

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK, Piccadilly, opp Regent Palace Hotel, W1 (GER 4506). Author: Neil Simon. Dir: Richard Benjamin. Cast: Daniel Massey, Marlo Thomas, Kurt Kasznav, Joan Sterndale Bennet. Young-married troubles Broadway style comedy. M-F: 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Opened 24 Nov 1965

BEYOND THE FRINGE 1965, May Fair, May Fair Hotel, Stratton Street, W1 (MAY 3036). Authors: Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, Dudley Moore. Dir: David Phethean. Stars: John Dryden, Bill Hepper, Barry Stanton, Peter Baldwin. The material has almost an historical interest now. 8.40 (ends 10.50). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 15 Apr 1964

BLACK & WHITE MINSTREL SHOW, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street, SW1 VIC 1317). Dir: George Inns. Stars: George Mitchell Minstrels with Don Arroll, Neville King, Dai Francis, John Boulter, Tony Mercer. Songs and dances cease only for interludes of comedy. 6.15 (ends 8.20); 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 25 May 1962

BOEING-BOEING, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Author. Marc Camoletti (translated by Beverley Cross). Dir: Jack Minster. Stars: Nicholas Parsons. Simon Merrick. Three girls, two boys, seven doors . . . permutations endless. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W. 2.45 (ends 4.50). M 11 April and Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962

CHARLIE GIRL, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Book by Hugh and Margaret Williams. Music and lyrics by David Heneker and John Taylor. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Cast: Anna Neagle, Joe Brown, Hy Hazell. The stately homes racket receives gentle satire with romantic interest, songs and dancing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

CHASE ME COMRADE, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, SW1 (WHI 6692). Author: Ray Cooney. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Stars: Brian Rix, Basil Lord, Leo Franklyn. Russian ballet dancer and diplomatic service involved in a speedy farce. 7.30 (ends 9.45). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.30); 8.15 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Opened 15 July 1964. Ends 21 May

COME INTO THE GARDEN MAUDE and **SHADOWS OF THE EVENING,** Queens, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noël Coward. Dir: Vivian Matalon. Cast: Noël Coward, Lilli Palmer, Irene Worth. T: 8.0. Th: 2.30 & 8.0. F: 8.0. Sat: 2.30 & 8.0. Opened 25 Apr 1966

A FRIEND INDEED. Cambridge, Theatre, Earlham Street, WC2 (TEM 6056). Author: William Douglas-Home. Dir: Jack Minster. Cast: David Tomlinson, David Hutcheson, Jane Baxter, Elizabeth Sellars. 8.0. Th: 2.45, 8.0. Sat: 6.0, 8.30. Opened 27 Apr 1966

FUNNY GIRL, Prince of Wales, Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681). Lyrics: Bob Merrill. Music: Jule Styne. From the book by Isobel Lennart. Dir: Lawrence Kasha. Cast: Barbra Streisand, Michael Craig. 8.0 (ends 10.30). Sat 3.0 (ends 5.20). Opened 13 Apr 1966

HELLO DOLLY! Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8108). Adapted by Michael Stuart from Thornton Wilder's play The Matchmaker. Music: Jerry Herman. Dir and choreographer: Gower Champion. A grand illusion with Mary Martin as chief spell-binder but nevertheless the most efficient music seen in a dozen years. Cast: Mary Martin, Loring Smith. 7.30 (ends 10.0). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 2 Dec 1965

HOW'S THE WORLD . . . TREATING YOU? Wyndham's Theatre,

Charing Cross Road (TEM 3028). Author: Roger Milner. Dir: Philip Grout. Most "in" comedy of the season. Cast: Patricia Routledge, Peter Bayliss, Michael Graham Cox. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15). 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 31 Jan 1966. Transfers to the Comedy Theatre on 2 May

AN IDEAL HUSBAND, Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: James Roose Evans. Fin de siècle morality among the Wildest epigrams. Cast: Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd, Michael Dennison, Dulcie Gray, Ursula Jeans, Roger Livesey, Perlita Neilson. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30)

INCIDENT AT VICHY, Phoenix Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 8611). Author. Arthur Miller. Dir: Peter Wood. Nazi persecution of the Jews in individual terms. Cast: Alec Guinness, Anthony Quayle. 8.15 (ends 9.50). W: 3.0 (ends 4.35). Sat: 5.15 (ends 6.50). Opened 26 Jan 1966

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, St Martins, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1443). Author: Frank Marcus. Dir: Val May. Stars: Beryl Reid, Lally Bowers, Eileen Atkins. Lesbian radio actress loses her part and her lover. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55); 8.30 (ends 11.0). W: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

MAN & SUPERMAN, Garrick Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4601). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Philip Wiseman. Battle of the Sexes. Cast: Alan Badel, Sian Phillips, Zena Walker, John Robinson, Marie Löhr, Clive Swift. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Th & Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.45). Opened 23 Nov 1965

THE MATCHGIRLS, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Author: Bill Owen. Dir: Gillian Lynne. Music by: Tony Russell. The first women's strike. Cast: Vivienne Martin, Marion Grimaldi, Gerald Hely. 8.0 (ends 10.15). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 1 Mar 1966

THE MISER & THE IMAGINARY INVALID, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Author: Molière. Dir: Julius Gellner. Cast: The Miser, Duncan Macraw. The Imaginary Invalid, Bernard Miles. 6.0 (ends 8.20); 8.40 (ends 11.0) (not Mon). Opened 20 Apr 1966. Ends 21 May

THE MOUSETRAP, Ambassadors, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1171). Author: Agatha Christie. After 14 years still a mystery. Dir: D Ramsden. Cast: John Cobner, Diana Scougall. 8.0 (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.10). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.0 (ends 10.30). Opened 25 Nov 1952

OLIVER! New Theatre, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Composer: Lionel Bart. Dir: Peter Coe. Stars: Aubrey Woods, Nicolette Roeg, Peter Bartlett. Dickens's London brought to musical life. 7.45 (ends 10.15). T & Sat: 4.30 (ends 6.50). Opened 30 June 1960

ON THE LEVEL, Saville, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (TEM 4011). Author: Ronald Millar. Music by Ron Grainer. Dir: Wendy Toye. Cast: Barrie Ingham, Angela Richards, Garry Bond. 7.45. Wed and Sat mat: 2.45. Opened T 19 Apr

ON THE WAGON, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Dir: Julius Gellner. Cast: Bernard Miles. Mon only: 9.0 (ends 11.0). Ends 10 May. Opened 6 Jan 1966

THE OWL & THE PUSSY CAT, Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (WHI 3216). Author: Bill Manhoff. Dir: Shirley Butler. Pretty girl versus intellectual man. Cast: Diana Sands, Anton Rodgers. 8.15 (ends 11.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Opened 2 Mar 1966

ROBERT & ELIZABETH, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Composer: Ron Grainer. Book: Ronald Millar. Dir: Wendy Toye. Stars: Donald Wolfit, Jane Fyffe, Kevin Colson. The Barretts of Wimpole Street get the songs and dance treatment. 7.30 (ends 10.25). M 11 Apr, Th & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

SAY WHO YOU ARE. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Authors: Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall. Dir: Shirley Butler. Stars: Ian Carmichael, Patrick Cargill, Dilys Laye, Jan Holden. Sophisticated farce. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.35). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.20); 8.45 (ends 11.5). Opened 14 Oct, 1965

SONG AT TWILIGHT, Queens, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noël Coward. Dir: Vivienne Matalon. Cast: Noël Coward, Lilli Palmer, Irene Worth. M & W 8.0. Opened 14 Apr 1966

SON OF OBLOMOV, Comedy, Panton Street, SW1 (WHI 2578). Author: Goncharov (ad Riccardo Aragno). Dir: Frank Dunlop. Stars: Spike Milligan, Bill Kerr, Valentine Dyall. Much ado about Milligan. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W: 8.45 (ends 11.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 6 Oct 1964. Ends 30 Apr

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). Composers: Rodgers and Hammerstein. Book: Lindsay and Crouse. Dir: Jerome Whyte. Stars: Sonia Rees, Eunice Gayson, Donald Scott. Nazi invasion in the background; sweetness to the fore. 7.30 (ends 10.25). W and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 18 May 1961

SPRING & PORT WINE, Apollo Shaftesbury Avenue (GER 2663). Author: Bill Naughton. Dir: Allan Davis. Cast: Alfred Marks, Ruth Dunning. A heavy Lancastrian father has a rebellious family on his hands. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th and Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.40 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

YOU NEVER CAN TELL, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). Author: G B Shaw. The new woman and old-fashioned values. Dir: Glen Byam Shaw. Cast: Sir Ralph Richardson, Jack Gwillim, Judy Campbell, Keith Baxter, Moray Watson, Cyril Luckham. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.45); 8.15 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 12 Jan 1966

REPERTORY

ALDWYCH THEATRE, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 6404). F 29, Sat 30 Apr: CRIME AND PUNISHMENT by Feodor Dostoievsky. Dir: Adam Hanuszkiewicz. Cast: Polish Popular Theatre. 7.30. Sat: 2.30, 7.30
T 3, W 4 May: THE COLUMBUS BOYS by Roman Bratny. Dir: Adam Hanuszkiewicz. Cast: Polish Popular Theatre. 7.30. W 2.30, 7.30

ENGLISH STAGE COMPANY, Royal Court, Sloane Square. (SLO 1745). THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE by Harley Granville Barker. Dir: Jane Howell. Cast: Sebastian Shaw, Gwen Nelson, John Castle, Avril Elgar, Jeffry Wickham. 7.30. Sat: 3.0, 7.30

NATIONAL THEATRE, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 7616). Th 28, Sat 30 Apr: JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK by Sean O'Casey. Dir: Laurence Olivier. Cast: Colin Blakeley, Frank Finlay, Caroline John, Ronald Pickup, Joyce Redman, Madge Ryan. 2.15, 7.30
F 29 Apr: MISS JULIE and BLACK COMEDY. *Miss Julie* by August Strindberg translated from the Swedish by Michael Meyer. Dir: Michael Elliott. Cast: Albert Finney, Maggie Smith, Jeanne Watts. *Black Comedy* by Peter Shaffer. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Michael Byrne, Graham Crowden, Paul Curran, Albert Finney, Doris Hare, Derek Jacobi, Louise Purnell, Maggie Smith. 7.30 (ends 10.15)
T 3, W 4 May: THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN by Peter Shaffer. Dirs: John Dexter, Desmond O'Donovan. Cast: Colin Blakely, Peter Cellier, Graham Crowden, Paul Curran, Derek Jacobi, Kenneth Mackintosh, Robert Stephens, Michael Turner 7.30 (ends 10.30)

CLUBS

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE CLUB, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). EVENTS WHILE GUARDING THE BOFORS GUN. 8.0. Sat: 5.0, 8.15. Until 30 Apr

LITTLE THEATRE, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 0660). THE LONG THE SHORT AND THE TALL. 8.0 (not M 2 May.) JAZZ CLUB. 10.30 to 1.30 am (not Sun)

MOUNTVIEW THEATRE CLUB, 104 Crouch Hill, N8 (MOU 5885). THIEVES CARNIVAL by Anouilh. M 2-W 4 May: 8.0

UNITY, 1 Goldington Street, N1 (EUS 5391). THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD. F 29, Sat 30 Apr & Sun 1 May: 7.45

PERIMETER

ASHCROFT THEATRE, Fairfield Hall, Park Lane, Croydon (CRO 9291). CAROUSEL. Th 28, F 29 Apr: 7.30. Sat 30 Apr: 3.0, 7.30. ARMS AND THE MAN. T 3, W 4 Apr: 7.45

GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME, NW11 (SPE 0022). THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODY with Vanessa Redgrave. Th 28 Apr: & Sat 30 Apr: 2.30, 8.0. F 29 Apr: 8.0. GREAT EXPECTATIONS. M 2-W 4 May: 8.0

NEW THEATRE, High Street, Bromley (RAV 6677). PORTRAIT OF A QUEEN. Th 28, F 29 Apr: 7.45. Sat 30 Apr: 5.15, 8.0. SOOTY. 4.30. Sat: 11 am, 2.30

QUEEN'S THEATRE, Hornchurch, Essex (HX4 3333). A SEVERED HEAD. 8.0. Th Mat: 3.0. Sat: 5.0, 8.15

RICHMOND THEATRE, The Green, Richmond, Surrey (RIC 0088). MACBETH. 7.45. Sat: 5.30, 8.15

TOWER THEATRE, Canonbury Place, N1 (CAN 5111). MR HUBERT. Negro Theatre Workshop. 29 Apr, 1 & 4 May: 7.30

WIMBLEDON THEATRE, SW19 (WIM 5211). A GIRL IN MY SOUP with Barbara Ferris, Donald Sinden, John Pertwee. Th 29 Apr: 2.30, 7.30. F 29 Apr: 7.30. Sat 30 Apr: 5.0, 8.15. PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. M 2-W 4 May: 7.30

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Guildford, Surrey (Guildford 60191). THE SACRED FLAME with Gladys Cooper, Naunton Wayne, Ewan Roberts. Th 29 Apr: 2.30, 7.45. F 29 Apr: 7.45. Sat 30 Apr: 5.0, 8.0

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA with Max Adrian, Eleanor Bron, Griffith Jones, George Merritt, John Woodvine. T 3 May 7.45. W 4 May: 5.0, 7.45

BALLET

Playwright David Rudkin was recently quoted as saying that ballet "is never an escape into reality." Well, *of course* it isn't – we see enough of reality outside the theatre without getting it in a concentrated form in dancing. And, anyway, if we want to be reminded of this terrible world, we can always go to *Afore Night Come* or *Saved*. The sooner ballet gives up the idea of trying to compete with the straight theatre, the better. Take them off *pointe*, they say, take away the music, give them speech . . . and in doing this, you might as well go to the Aldwych or the National Theatre for your ballet.

All this leads up naturally to *Sun Into Darkness* (scenario by none other than David Rudkin), which is Peter Darrell's new choreographic cookie for Western Theatre Ballet and premièred at Sadler's Wells last week. Not a ballet to take the kiddies to, nor puritanical aunts, or Noddy in Toyland audiences (Darrell's analysis of Royal Ballet worshippers). But if you're naturally depraved, sadistically inclined, sex-starved, or want little left to corrupt the imagination . . . then brother, you've got the lot here.

Darrell says he wants to create ballet "on the drama of the present-day world." But the predominance of ritualistic psycho-cerebration in *Sun Into Darkness* is more of an elaboration than a straight interpretation of his *credo*. Rudkin himself declares that you'll find nothing so weird as this in real life. He's right . . . Cornwall was never like this. And clumsily mixing psychological themes (there are two) with stylistic and naturalistic movement, not to mention the classical technique in what is undeniably a contemporary ballet (as opposed to Modern Dance), is just asking for trouble.

But Darrell is too much of a craftsman to make a complete hash of the thing. At least he will go down in history as the instigator of the first full-length ballet on a contemporary theme to be produced in this country. Malcolm Williamson's score manages to underline the action remarkably well, and at times it is attractive enough simply to listen to – a great departure from his banal offering for the Australian Ballet's *The Display*. Still, if all this is what Rudkin terms "an escape into reality," he's welcome to it.

ian woodward

FILMS

FIRST FIVE: 1 Pierrot le Fou. 2 Viva Maria! 3 Othello. 4 Doctor Zhivago. 5 Alphaville.

There is no sadder sight in the whole Hollywood galaxy than that of the waning star. In the forthcoming film *The Moving Target* the character who asks of a former child star "Whatever happened to Fay Estabrook?" is answered with cruel accuracy. "She got fat." Shelley Winters, to whom the years have been charity itself, plays her magnificently.

But the stars of the late '30s and '40s are finding a common outlet for an acting style made preposterously melodramatic by new techniques. It is Estabrook's law of the survival of the fattest, the fiercest and the most raddled. Robert Aldrich quite unwittingly triggered the phenomenon when he cast Bette Davis and Joan Crawford together in the grisly *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?* Miss Davis has stayed faithfully with the *grand guignol* genre, torturing her sister to death in *Baby Jane*, committing infanticide in *The Nanny* and sinking to insanity in *Hush, Hush . . . Sweet Charlotte*. Miss Crawford, who got the rough end of the deal in the first film, evidently thought enough was as good as a feast and gave up her part in the sequel to Olivia de Havilland.

Racquel Welch starts a new film this week. Title: "The Biggest Bundle of Them All."

Mary Astor, Agnes Moorehead and Tallulah Bankhead have merrily joined the mayhem, Miss Bankhead coming out of a 20-year retirement to play the title role in *Fanatic* (quaintly titled *Die, Die, My Darling* for the States). To date it has been Miss de Havilland whose *volte face* has held the greatest surprise: gone with the wind the halcyon days of moist-eyed nostalgia. But her own sister, the immensely sophisticated Joan Fontaine, has just started work at Bray Studios on a picture called *The Devil's Own*, a story she sought out for herself. Written by Peter Curtis (*nom de plume* of romantic novelist Norah Lofts) it is a story that involves her in voodoo and sacrificial rites. Miss Fontaine's baptism of fire will not be too traumatic though. She is the observer rather than the perpetrator of horrific deeds. I am guaranteed that she will be neither sacrificed, zombified nor disfigured, though blood will flow and she may scream a little.

The Oscar she won for Hitchcock's *Suspicion* may yet have a companion, though Miss Fontaine professes a reluctance to join Bette Davis in the kind of full-blooded *Baby Jane* role of a child star faded into oblivion. Whatever *did* happen to Shirley Temple?

david castell

THAT MAN IN ISTANBUL

Sylva Koscina and Horst Buchholz are teamed up against the unfamiliar background of Istanbul in Antonio Isasi's new comedy thriller about a million-dollar ransom paid for a kidnapped atom scientist. Mr Buchholz has eyes for both the money and the girl sent to retrieve it when the hostage is not returned. The film is playing at the Leicester Square Theatre in a double bill with "Ride Beyond Vengeance."

OPENING

OTHELLO (U). Faithful and technically accomplished record of the National Theatre production with Laurence Olivier giving a performance that salutes greatness as the Moor. It is the magnificence of the performances that finally quells the doubts about the theatrical claustrophobia of the film. (Maggie Smith, Frank Finlay and other members of National Theatre of Great Britain. Col. 170 min.) Première *Odeon Leicester Square*. WHI 6111. 2 May. Transfers *Odeon Haymarket*. WHI 2738. 3 May

THE WAR GAME (X). Peter Watkins's hotly debated film about the effects of nuclear warfare on the population of London proves gripping, intelligent, though not without the occasional moment of bathos. Understandably, its television origins leave it slightly unsuited to the larger screen. (50 min.) *Gala Royal Marble Arch*, AMB 2345, and *La Continentale Tottenham Court Road*, MUS 4193. Opens 28 Apr

WEST END

ALFIE (X). Taken from the play by Bill Naughton, and directed by Lewis Gilbert; Michael Caine plays the incredible Alfie, devoutly dedicated to a love-life that is both intensive and uncommitted, and often funny. His birds flit in and out at lightning speed – Eleanor Bron as his doctor, Shirley Anne Field as his nurse, and an overpowering rich widow, Shelley Winters. (Millicent Martin, Julia Foster, Jane Asher, Vivienne Merchant. Col. 114 min.) *Plaza Piccadilly Circus*. WHI 8944. 1.0, 3.20, 5.50, 8.20 (Sat only: 11.30 pm). Sun: 3.0, 5.30, 8.0

ALPHAVILLE (A). Jean-Luc Godard's transformation of images from a comic strip into a stylistic masterpiece with dazzling photography by Coutard. Lemmy Caution (Eddie Constantine), disguised as a reporter for *Figaro-Pravda*, is sent on a mission to Alphaville – city of technocrats. (Anna Karina, Akim Tamiroff. Col. 98 min.) With Chris Marker's short *La Jetée*. *Academy One, Oxford Street*. GER 2981. 1.50, 4.5, 6.20, 8.45. Sun: 3.35, 5.50, 8.15

BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). Modern warfare effectively shown as the stuff of Cinerama. An account of the Battle of the Ardennes with Henry Fonda and Robert Ryan for the American heroes and Robert Shaw as a suitably poker-faced German villain. (Dana Andrews. Dir: Ken Annakin. Col. 163 min.) *Casino Old Compton Street*, W1. GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, 1.55. Sun: 4.30, 7.50

BING CROSBY IN CINERAMA'S RUSSIAN ADVENTURE (U). Bing Crosby plays host on a trip round Russia with musical interludes. (Col. Cinerama.) *Coliseum St Martin's Lane*. TEM 3161. 2.0, 5.15, 8.30 (Sat only: 11.45 pm). Sun: 4.0, 7.30

BORN FREE (U). Tasteful and relatively faithful adaptation of Joy Adamson's runaway best-seller. Virginia McKenna makes a long-promised comeback as the woman who raises a lioness from a helpless cub and trains it to the point where its own domesticity is a danger to survival. (Bill Travers, Geoffrey Keen. Dir: James Hill. Col. 99 min. Royal Film of 1966.) *Columbia Shaftesbury Avenue*. REG 5414. 12.25, 2.29, 4.38, 6.47, 9.1. Sat: 11.29 pm. Sun: 3.59, 6.8, 8.27

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (A). The extremely ambitious, long-awaited production of Boris Pasternak's novel, directed by David Lean, with screenplay by Robert Bolt. With Omar Sharif as Yuri Zhivago and Julie Christie as Lara. Good entertainment. (Geraldine Chaplin, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness. Col. 193 min.) *Empire Leicester Square*. GER 1234. 2.30, 7.30 (Sat only: 11.30 pm). Sun: 3.0, 7.30

THE GREAT RACE (U). Extravagantly slapstick comedy involving a car race from New York to Paris, via Siberia, with Jack Lemmon as the villain and Tony Curtis as the spoof hero. Blake Edwards's feeblest screenplay, but with a good sense of the period. While determined to be a lot of fun, it merely proves conclusively that Cinerama and comedy don't mix. (Col. 153 min.) *Astoria Charing Cross Road*. GER 5385. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.0, 8.0

THE GREAT ST TRINIAN'S TRAIN ROBBERY (U). Ronald Searle's little monsters unusually subdued under Frank Launder's direction. Plenty of comic invention in Frankie Howerd's performance: for the most part the script plays for maximum security conditions. (Dora Bryan, George Cole. Col. 93 min.) *Studio One Oxford Street*. GER 3300. 1.40, 4.10, 6.45, 9.20. Sun: 3.45, 6.20, 9.0

JULES ET JIM (X). Based on the novel by Henri-Pierre Roche, the story begins just before the First World War, and traces the development of the relationships between Catherine (Jeanne Moreau) and her lovers Jules (Oskar Werner) and Jim (Henri Serre). Truffaut, perhaps the most talented of the young French directors, has an instinctive feeling for the cinema. (Showing with Varda's exquisite but facile *Le Bonheur*.) (France, sub-titled. 105 min.) *Berkeley Tottenham Court Road*. MUS 8150. 12.40, 4.0, 7.20. Sun: 4.0, 7.20. *Le Bonheur*, 2.35, 5.56, 9.15. Sun: 5.55, 9.15

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (X). Fellini's companion piece to 8½, this time in superb colour, tells the story of the soul-searching of a rather idle, middle-aged woman (Giuletta Masina) whose husband is unfaithful to her. Her haunting and surrealistic fantasies are explored with great cinematic virtuosity, but in the last analysis, the film proves equally insubstantial. (France/Italy. Col. 137 min.) *Academy Two*. GER 5129. Oxford Street, W1 (tentative). 12.15, 3.0, 5.50, 8.45. Sun: 5.10, 8.5 (ends 4 May)

THE KNACK (X). Dick Lester's free and inventive adaptation of the play by Ann Jellicoe. Rita Tushingham plays a provincial innocent who finds herself suddenly surrounded by three men: one incredibly endowed with the knack (Ray Brooks), one moderately so (Donal Donnelly) and one painfully bereft of it (Michael Crawford). Despite its occasionally laboured visual gags, it has great vitality. (85 min.) With *Irma la Douce*. *Odeon Haymarket*. WHI 2738. 2.0, 7.0. *The Knack*: 4.30, 9.30 (ends 2 May)

THE LOVED ONE (X). An attack on American folkways, burial-wise. Directed by Tony Richardson, this is a heavy-handed adaptation of the satirical novel by Evelyn Waugh, with a scenario by Christopher Isherwood and Terry Southern. A bumptious young Englishman (Robert Morse), a corpse cosmetician (Anjanette Comer), and Mr Joyboy (Rod Steiger), the Chief Mortician, act out the eternal triangle. (Jonathan Winters, Liberace. 117 min.) *Ritz Leicester Square*. GER 1234. 12.56, 3.33, 6.10, 8.47 (Sat only 11 pm). Sun: 3.16, 5.53, 8.30

MONSIEUR HULOT'S HOLIDAY (U). Jacques Tati's now classic comedy about the misadventures of a gauche French bachelor on holiday. The comedy of mime and manners puts Tati in the forefront of contemporary film comedians. (Nathalie Pascaud. Dir: Jacques Tati. France. 1951/52. 90 min.) *Prince Charles Theatre*, Leicester Place, W1. GER 8181. 12.55, 3.40, 6.30, 9.30 (Sat only: 12.15 am). Sun: 3.30, 6.20, 9.10

MORGAN – A SUITABLE CASE FOR TREATMENT (A). Morgan Delt (David Warner), a gentle, confused dreamer, a failed artist, abandoned by his wife, has a strange affinity with gorillas, and escapes from reality with fantasies of Tarzan and King Kong. Directed by Karel Reisz, with a whole host of cinematic stunts, from the story and television play by David Mercer, with Vanessa Redgrave, Irene Handl and Bernard Bresslaw. (97 min.) *Carlton Haymarket*. WHI 3711. 1.45, 4.10, 6.35, 9.0 (Sat only: 11.15 pm). Sun: 4.10, 6.35, 9.0

MY FAIR LADY (U). Lavish, if not cloying, direction of the Lerner and Loewe musical by George Cukor with Edwardian décor by Cecil Beaton. Rex Harrison carries the film along with commanding style, with Audrey Hepburn as a spirited, though rather inadequate, Eliza. Great vitality, but played a little *too* safe. (Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde White. Col. Super-Panavision. 185 min.) *Warner Leicester Square*, W1. GER 3423. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.30, 7.45, 11.45. Sun: 3.0, 7.15. *Royalty Kingsway*, WC2. HOL 8004. 2.45, 8.0. Sun: 3.15, 7.30

OUR MAN FLINT (A). Director Daniel Mann endeavours to outspoof Bond in what becomes a tiresome use of gimmickry, with quite serious undercurrents of nastiness. James Coburn is less endearing than Connery as secret agent Flint. (Lee J Cobb. Col. 108 min.) *Rialto Coventry Street*. GER 3488. 1.20, 3.50, 6.20, 8.50. Sun: 3.40, 6.15, 8.50 (Check with cinema)

PIERROT LE FOU (X). Jean-Luc Godard's first excursion into colour, with a story based on the novel *Obsession* by Lionel White. Pierrot (Jean-Paul Belmondo) runs away from his wife, and meets his former love, Marianne (Anna Karina). The lyricism of their love affair on the Riviera is juxtaposed with the violence and betrayal of the world around them. (Col. 100 min.) *Cameo-Poly*, Upper Regent Street. LAN 1744. Pgm 12.45, 3.10, 5.40, 8.10. Sun: 3.35, 5.55, 8.20

THE RED DESERT (X). Through the characters of Giuliana (Monica Vitti), who cannot come to terms with the life around her, Antonioni explores still further the moral problems brought about by industrialisation. Set in Ravenna, it is, in many ways, an uncertain and unsatisfactory film, but nevertheless remarkable for its formal beauty and the abstract use of colour. (Richard Harris. Dir: Michelangelo Antonioni. Col. 116 min.) *Paris Pullman, Drayton Gardens*. FRE 5898. 1.50, 5.20, 9.0. Sun: 5.20, 9.0. With: *All the Gold in the World*. 3.50, 7.25. Sun: 3.50, 7.25. Sat: 10.30 pm

RIDE BEYOND VENGEANCE (X). A man leaves his wife to search for gold and returns nine years later to face hostility from the townsfolk. A modern, violent Western. (Chuck Connors, Michael Rennie, Joan Blondell, Gloria Grahame, Gary Merrill, Bill Bixby. Dir: Bernard McEveety. Col. 100 min.) With: *That Man in Istanbul* (A). *Leicester Square Theatre*. WHI 5252. 1.15, 5.10, 9.0. Sun: 5.20, 9.15. *New Victoria*. VIC 2544

THE SILENCERS (A). Natural progression in the spy cycle – the agent who has everything and can't cope with it all. Matt Helm (Dean Martin) is the lazy hero dragged out of seductive retirement to thwart a megalomaniac's plan to control the world. Peppered with private jokes and immense good humour. (Daliah Lavi, Cyd Charisse, Victor Buono. Dir: Phil Karlson. Col. 104 min.) *Odeon Leicester Square*. WHI 6111. (*Not* 2 May)

THE SUCKER (U). The two French comedians Louis de Funès and Bourvil are brought together in a gangster farce full of car chases with delightful colour photography by Decaë. De Funès plays the wily, but kind-hearted gangster: Bourvil his fall guy. (Col. 105 min.) *Cameo Royal Charing Cross Road*. WHI 6915. Pgm: 10.40, 12.55, 3.15, 5.45, 8.10. F and Sat: 10.50 pm. Sun: 2.55, 5.25, 8.0

SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Robert Wise's three-hour version of the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical, with hosts of singing nuns and children. Christopher Plummer is the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood; Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. (Peggy Wood, Eleanor Parker. Col. Todd-AO. 170 min.) *Dominion Tottenham Court Road*, W1. MUS 2176. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 2.30, 8.0

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (U). A slender pretext for collecting together a whole host of international stars for an air race between London and Paris. There are some pleasant enough shots of early aeroplanes, but little or no feeling for comic effect. (Terry-Thomas, Sarah Miles, Robert Morley, Gert Frobe, Stuart Whitman, James Fox, Jean-Pierre Cassel. Col. Todd-AO. 130 min.) *Metropole Victoria*. VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

THUNDERBALL (A). Bond has only a few days to find the two atom bombs stolen by SPECTRE. Gadgetry galore, underwater sex, and Connery confidently assuming the role of Superman. (Bernard Lee, Lois Maxwell. Dir: Terence Young. Col. 125 min.) *London Pavilion Piccadilly Circus*, W1. GER 2982. 10.30, 12.55, 3.30, 5.55, 8.40 (Sat: 11.30 pm). Sun: 3.15, 5.55, 8.40. (Check with cinema)

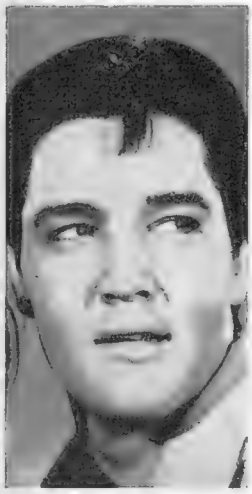
VIVA MARIA (A). Louis Malle, the director, has seized the opportunity to show off the entirely disparate talents of Mesdames Jeanne Moreau (Maria I) and Brigitte Bardot (Maria II), in a gay and amusing story about two song-and-dance girls who become embroiled in a revolution. (George Hamilton. Col. 120 min.) *Curzon Cinema, Curzon Street*, W1. GRO 3737. 1.45, 4.5, 6.25, 8.50 (Sat only: 11 pm). Sun: 3.45, 6.10, 8.30

GENERAL RELEASE

† *Second feature varies:* * *Sunday programme differs*

RANK RELEASE NORTH

Until Sat: THE SILENCERS (A). Full supporting programme.



Elvis Presley plays a showboat gambler in "Frankie and Johnny"

From Sun: FRANKIE AND JOHNNY (U). Frankie and Johnny are indeed lovers in the mildest Presley sense: he an inveterate gambler on a Mississippi showboat and she the jealous type who can't believe that a shapely redhead is merely his lucky charm. Not that he was *really* doing her wrong, but she shoots him anyway – though not fatally. There is a subsidiary theme about the singing couple having aspirations to become the babes of Broadway and enough new songs to make this a possibility. (Elvis Presley, Donna Douglas, Harry Morgan. Dir: Fred de Cordova. Col. 88 min). With: **The Swingin' Set** (U).

Acton Odeon
Camden Town Odeon
Clapton Kenninghall
Dalston Odeon
Ealing Odeon
East Ham Odeon
Edgware Road Odeon
Edmonton Regal
Forest Gate Odeon
Hackney Pavilion
Hammersmith Odeon
Harlesden Odeon
Hendon Odeon
Highgate Odeon
Holloway Odeon
Islington Odeon
Kensal Rise Odeon
Kilburn State
Kingsbury Odeon
King's Cross Odeon
Leyton Odeon
Mile End Road Odeon
Muswell Hill Odeon
Park Royal Odeon
Shepherd's Bush Odeon
Stamford Hill Odeon
Walthamstow Granada
Wembley Odeon
Westbourne Grove Odeon
Wood Green Odeon

RANK RELEASE SOUTH

Until Sat: THE UGLY DACHSHUND (U). Full supporting programme.

Cyd Charisse makes a guest dance appearance in "The Silencers"

From Sun: THE SILENCERS (A). Natural progression in the spy-cycle – the agent who has everything and can't cope with it all. Matt Helm (Dean Martin) is the lazy hero dragged out of seductive retirement to thwart a megalomaniac's plan to control the world. Peppered with private jokes and immense good humour. Stella Stevens is often very funny as the disaster-prone innocent drawn into the mayhem. (Daliah Lavi, Cyd Charisse, Victor Buono. Dir: Phil Karlson. Col. 104 min). With: **Broken Sabre** (U).

Balham Odeon
Brentwood Odeon (Until Sat: West Side Story (A)
Brixton Astoria
Bromley Odeon
Camberwell Odeon
Clapham Granada
Croydon Odeon
Crystal Palace Granada (Until Sat: Seven Brides for Seven Brothers (U)
***Deptford** Odeon
East Dulwich Odeon
Greenwich Granada (Not Fri 29 April and 4 May.)
Lewisham Odeon (Not Thurs 28 April)
Old Kent Road Astoria
Peckham Odeon (Until Sat: Seven Brides for Seven Brothers (U)
Penge Odeon
Putney Odeon
†**Richmond** Odeon
South Norwood Odeon
Streatham Odeon
Sydenham Granada
Thornton Heath Granada
Tooting Granada
Well Hall Odeon
Wimbledon Odeon

ABC RELEASE NORTH

Until Sat: STOP THE WORLD – I WANT TO GET OFF (A).

Michael Caine gives a virtuoso star turn as the hero of "Alfie"

From Sun: ALFIE (X). Taken from the play by Bill Naughton, and directed by Lewis Gilbert; Michael Caine plays the incredible Alfie, devoutly dedicated to a love-life that is both intensive and uncommitted, and is often very funny. (Julia Foster, Jane Asher, Vivienne Merchant. Col. 114 min). With: **Face of a Stranger** (A)

Acton Granada (Until Sat: The Great Escape (U)
Bayswater ABC (Until Sat: Darling (X)
Bowes Park Ritz
***Camden Town** Plaza
Clapton ABC
Ealing ABC
Edmonton Granada (Until Sat: Lawrence of Arabia (A)
Essex Road ABC
Finchley Gaumont (Until Sat: The Silencers (A)
Golders Green ABC
Hackney ABC
Hammersmith ABC
Harringay ABC
Haverstock Hill Odeon (Until Sat: The Silencers (A)
Holloway ABC
Kensal Rise Palace
Kentish Town ABC
Kilburn Essoldo
King's Cross Century
Leyton ABC
Leytonstone Rialto (Until Sat: The Silencers (A)
Manor Park Coronation
Mile End Road ABC
Muswell Hill ABC
***Poplar** Essoldo (Until Sat: The Silencers (A)
Stratford ABC
Stoke Newington ABC
Tottenham Florida
Upton Park ABC
Wembley ABC
***Whalebone Lane** Odeon
Woodford Majestic

ABC RELEASE SOUTH

Until Sat: THE SINGING NUN (U). Full supporting programme.

One of the Croft Twins who appear in "Stop the World – I Want to Get Off"

From Sun: STOP THE WORLD – I WANT TO GET OFF (A). The lively Newley-Bricusse musical transfers uncomfortably to the screen with Tony Tanner and Millicent Martin in the roles created by Newley and Anna Quayle. The central idea still has great emotional power and impact: the life of the insignificant Littlechap, his love for the boss's conventionally educated daughter, his sudden promotion and an eventual peerage – all represented by a clown's mime. The innovation of the electronic multi-camera system which the film inaugurates makes little difference; only echoes of the stage original remain. (Dir: Philip Saville. Col. 100 min). With: **Brainstorm** (A).

Beckenham ABC
Blackheath ABC
Brixton ABC
Camberwell ABC
Catford ABC
Croydon ABC
Elephant and Castle Theatre
Forest Hill Capitol
Old Kent Road ABC
Putney ABC
Richmond ABC
Streatham ABC
Tooting ABC
Wimbledon ABC

OTHER FILMS

A guide to local cinemas showing off-circuit programmes. The numbers cross-refer to films listed in the sections below. Readers should not be distracted by a jump in the sequence of numbers. This only indicates a late programme change

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

Baker Street Classic. 40, 41, 68.
Balham Ritz. 57, 64.
Brixton Classic. 2, 6.
***Brixton Granada.** 49, 53.
***Camberwell Grand.** 29, 74.
Charing Cross Road, Jacey. 38.
Chelsea Classic. 43, 82.
***Chelsea Essoldo.** 29, 74.
Chelsea Odeon. 70.
Clapham Junction Imperial. 4, 56.
Croydon Classic. 21, 43, 78.
Dalston Classic. 75, 83.
Ealing Walpole. 54, 85.
***East Ham Granada.** 1, 23.
Edgware Road ABC. 19, 84.
Finchley Rex. 13, 34.
Finsbury Park Astoria. 74, 95.
Fulham Road ABC. 19, 84.
Golders Green Ionic. 14, 26.
Great Windmill Street Cameo Moulin. 22.
Hackney Essoldo. 29, 74.
Hammersmith Broadway. 20, 29, 51, 52, 59, 63.
Hampstead Classic. 19, 69.
Hampstead Everyman. 27, 37.
Harlesden Coliseum. 81.
Harringay Curzon. 29.
***Harrow Road Prince of Wales.** 20, 29, 54.
Hendon Gala. 32, 93.
Hendon Gaumont. 86, 94.
Highams Park Regal. 10, 66, 67.
***Islington Rex.** 72, 76.
Kensington Odeon. 28, 46.
Kilburn Classic. 11, 48, 78.
Kilburn Grange. 87.
Lewisham Rex. 16, 28.
Marble Arch Jacey. 31.
Notting Hill Classic. 17, 24, 62.
Notting Hill Gaumont. 47, 70.
***Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse.** 5, 55.
Oxford Street Cinephone. 30.
***Paddington Essoldo.** 7, 90.
Piccadilly Circus Classic. 12, 15.
Piccadilly Jacey. 25.
Praed Street Classic. 9, 61.
Putney Globe. 28, 39, 65.
Queensbury Essoldo. 29, 34.
***Raynes Park Rialto.** 10, 13.
Richmond Gaumont. 85, 92.
***St Pancras Tolmer.** 72, 80.
***Southfields Plaza.** 29, 34.
Southgate Odeon. 70.
***Stepney Essildo.** 29, 58.
Stepney Odeon. 3, 89.
Stockwell Classic. 42, 60.
Stoke Newington Coliseum. 8, 77.
Swiss Cottage Odeon. 70.
Tooting Astoria. 29, 35, 36.
Tooting Bec Classic. 44, 50.
***Tottenham Palace.** 57, 70.
***Victoria Biograph.** 33, 79.
Victoria Cameo. 18, 91.
Waterloo Station Classic. 45, 71.
Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. 32, 88.

ADVENTURE

1 **Adventures of Scaramouche** (U). Gerard Barray. Until Sat: East Ham Granada. With: Duel at Rio Bravo (U)
2 **Golden Blade** (U). Rock Hudson, Piper Laurie. From Sun: Brixton Classic. With: Duel of Champions (U)
3 **Hercules Conquers Atlantis** (U). Reg Park, Fay Spain. Until Sat: Stepney Odeon. With: Border River (U)
4 **Pirates of Blood River** (U). Kerwin Mathews, Maria Landi. Until Sat: Clapham Junction Imperial. With: Mysterious Island (U)
5 **Slave Merchant** (U). Kirk Morris, Michele Griardon. Until Sat: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. With: Don't Talk to Strange Men (A)

6 **Snows of Kilimanjaro** (A). Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Susan Hayward. Until Sat: Brixton Classic. With: Secret of the Purple Reef

7 **Warrior Empress** (U). Tina Louise, Kerwin Mathews. Until Sat: Paddington Essoldo. With: Fury at Gunsight Pass (U)

COMEDIES

8 **Abbott & Costello meet the Invisible Man** (U). Bud Abbott, Lou Costello. From Sun: Stoke Newington Coliseum. With: Seven Slaves against Rome (U)

9 **The Bargee** (A). Harry H. Corbett, Hugh Griffith. From Sun: Praed St Classic. With: Lawless Breed (A)

10 **Carry on Cowboy** (A). Sid James, Jim Dale. From Sun: Highams Park Regal. From Mon: Raynes Park Rialto. With: Change Partners (U)

11 **Doctor in Distress** (A). Dirk Bogarde, Samantha Eggar, Mylene Demongeot. From Sun: Kilburn Classic. With: 633 Squadron (A)

12 **The General** (U). Buster Keaton. Until Sat: Piccadilly Circus Classic

13 **Great St Trinian's Train Robbery** (U). Dora Bryan, Frankie Howerd. Until Sat: Finchley Rex & Raynes Park Rialto. With: Torpedo Bay (U)

14 **Lady L** (A). Sophia Loren, David Niven, Paul Newman. Until Sat: Golders Green Ionic. With: Money Trap (U)

15 **Lady Killers** (U). Peter Sellers, Alec Guinness. From Sun: Piccadilly Circus Classic. With: 30 Years of Fun (U)

16 **M. Hulot's Holiday** (U). Jacques Tati. Until Sat: Lewisham Rex. With: Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy (U)

17 **Nothing but the Best** (A). Alan Bates, Millicent Martin. From Sun: Notting Hill Classic

18 **Pot Carriers** (A). Ronald Fraser, Carole Lesley. From Sun: Victoria Cameo

19 **Stop the World — I want to get Off** (A). Tony Tanner, Millicent Martin. Until Sat: Hampstead Classic. Edgware Road ABC, Fulham Road ABC. With: Brainstorm (A)

20 **Two Way Stretch** (U). Peter Sellers, Liz Fraser. Until Sat: Hammersmith Broadway & Harrow Road. Prince of Wales. With: Fanny Hill (A)

21 **The World of Henry Orient** (U). Paula Prentiss, Angela Lansbury. From Sun: Croydon Classic. With: 633 Squadron (A)

DOCUMENTARY

22 **Naked World of Harrison Marks** (A). Great Windmill St Cameo Moulin. With: We're Wrestling Tonight (U)

23 **Secret Paris** (X). From Mon: East Ham Granada. With: Curse and the Coffin (A)

DRAMA

24 **L'Atalante** (A). Michel Simon, Dita Parlo. Fri 29 Apr only: Notting Hill Classic. With: The Running, Jumping and Standing Still Film (U)

25 **Damaged Goods** (X). Dolores Faith, Mory Schoolhouse. Piccadilly Jacey. With: Go Go World (X)

26 **Darling** (X). Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey. From Sun: Golders Green Ionic. With: Sparrows Can't Sing (A)

27 **Days of Wine and Roses** (X). Jack Lemmon, Lee Remick. Until Sun: Hampstead Everyman

28 **Dear John** (X). Jarl Kulle, Christina Schollin. Until Sat: Putney Globe. With: Sex Can Be Difficult (X). Th 28 Apr-Wed 4 May: Kensington Odeon. With: Viridiana (X). (Not Fri 29 Apr: Don Giovanni (U)). From Sun: Lewisham Rex. With: Search for Venus (A)

29 **Fanny Hill** (A). Lalicia Roman, Miriam Hopkins. Until Sat: Hammersmith Broadway, Harrow Road Prince of Wales. With: Two Way Stretch (U). Chelsea Essoldo. With: Midnight Lace (A). Queensbury Essoldo, Stepney Essoldo, Harringay Curzon. With: Nightmare In the Sun (A). Hackney Essoldo. With: Son of Dracula (X). From Sun: Tooting Astoria. With: North-West Frontier (A). From Mon: Southfields Plaza. Camberwell Grand. With: Nightmare In the Sun (A)

30 **Galia** (X). Mireille Dorc. Oxford Street Cinephone. With: Lifetime of Comedy (U)

31 **Green Mares Nest** (X). Bourvil, Frances Blanche. Marble Arch Jacey. With: Passionate Affair (X)

32 **Henry V** (U). Laurence Olivier, Claire Bloom. Until Sat: Hendon Gala. Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre

33 **Hud** (A). Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas. From Mon: Victoria Biograph. With: Wheel of Fire (X)

34 **Life At the Top** (X). Laurence Harvey, Honor Blackman, Jean Simmons. Until Sat: Southfields Plaza. From Sun: Queensbury Essoldo. With: Vanishing Busker (U). Finchley Rex. With: Happiest Days of Your Life (U)

35 **Live Now Pay Later** (X). June Ritchie, Ian Hendry. Until Sat: Tooting Astoria. With: The L-Shaped Room (X)

36 **The L-Shaped Room** (X). Leslie Caron, Tom Bell. Until Sat: Tooting Astoria. With: Live Now Pay Later (X)

37 **A Member of the Wedding** (A). Julie Harris, Ethel Waters. From Mon: Hampstead Everyman

38 **Morianna** (X). Anders Henrikson, Lotte Tarp. Charing Cross Road Jacey

39 **Passenger** (X). Aleksandro Slaska, Anna Ciepielewska. From Sun: Putney Globe. With: Savage Eye (X). (Not Tues 3 May: Swan Lake (U))

40 **Power and the Glory** (A). Laurence Olivier, George C Scott, Julie Harris. From Sun: Baker Street Classic

41 **Pumpkin Eater** (X). Peter Finch, James Mason, Anne Bancroft. Until Sat: Baker Street Classic. Late Night Sat: 11.15 pm

42 **Sea of Sand** (U). John Gregson, Richard Attenborough, Michael Craig. Until Sat: Stockwell Classic. With: In Which We Serve (U)

43 **The Servant** (X). Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig. Until Sat: Chelsea Classic. Late Show Sat 30 Apr: 11.30 pm. Croydon Classic. With: The Kitchen (X)

44 **The Silence** (X). Ingrid Thulin, Gunnel Lindblom. From Sun: Tooting Bec Classic. With: Last Year in Marienbad (U)

45 **Ugly American** (U). Marlon Brando, Eiji Okadu, Sandra Church. Until Sat: Waterloo Station Classic

46 **Viridiana** (X). Francisco Rabal, Silvia Pinal, Fernando Rey. Th 28 Apr-Wed 4 May: Kensington Odeon. With: Dear John (X). (Not Fri 29 Apr: Don Giovanni (U))

47 **Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow** (X). Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni. From Sun: Notting Hill Gaumont. With: Wives and Lovers (A)

48 **Young Lions** (A). Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, Dean Martin. Until Sat: Kilburn Classic

49 **Wild Harvest** (X). Kathleen Freeman, Dean Fredericks. Until Sat: Brixton Granada. With: The Kinsey Report (X). (Sat 30 Apr: Wrestling)

50 **Woman of Straw** (A). Sean Connery, Gina Lollobrigida. Until Sat: Tooting Bec Classic. With: Back to God's Country (U)

HORROR

51 **Beast With a Million Eyes** (X). Wed only: Hammersmith Broadway. With: That Kind of Girl (X)

52 **Castle of Terror** (X). Christopher Lee. Tues only: Hammersmith Broadway. With: Where Has Poor Mickey Gone? (X)

53 **Devils of Darkness** (X). William Sylvester, Tracy Reed. From Mon: Brixton Granada. With: This Shocking World (X)

54 **Fiend Who Walked the West** (X). Hugh O'Brien, Robert Evans. Until Sat: Ealing Walpole. From Mon: Harrow Road Prince of Wales. With: Rodan (X)

55 **First Men In the Moon** (U). Edward Judd, Lionel Jeffries. From Mon: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. With: 3.10 to Yuma (A)

56 **Godzilla v the Thing** (X). Akira Takaranda, Yuriko Hoshi. From Sun: Clapham Junction Imperial. With: Time Travellers (X)

57 **House On Haunted Hill** (X). Vincent Price, Carol Ohmart. From Sun: Balham Ritz. From Mon: Tottenham Palace. With: Frankenstein 1970 (X)

58 **King Kong v Godzilla** (X). Tadao Takashima. From Mon: Stepney Essoldo. With: He Rides Tall (X)

59 **Perseus Against the Monsters** (A). Richard Harrison. Sun only: Hammersmith Broadway. With: Tomorrow At 10 (A)

60 **Premature Burial** (X). Ray Milland, Hazel Court. From Sun: Stockwell Classic. With: Blood of the Vampire (X)

61 **The Raven** (X). Vincent Price, Boris Karloff, Peter Lorne. Until Sat: Praed Street Classic. With: Dr Crippen (X)

62 **Repulsion** (X). Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, John Fraser, Patrick Wymark. Until Sat: Notting Hill Classic. Late Show Sat 30 Apr: 11.15 pm

63 **Teenage Frankenstein** (X). Whit Bissel, Phyllis Coates. Mon only: Hammersmith Broadway. With: Brain Eaters (X)

MUSICALS

64 **Seven Brides for Seven Brothers** (U). Jane Powell, Howard Keel. Until Sat: Balham Ritz. With: King Soloman's Mines (U)

65 **Swan Lake** (U). Bolshoi Ballet Company. Tues 3 May only: Putney Globe

THRILLERS

66 **Dr No** (A). Sean Connery, Ursula Andress. Until Sat: Highams Park Regal. With: From Russia With Love (A)

67 **From Russia With Love** (A). Sean Connery, Pedro Armendariz, Robert Shaw. Until Sat: Highams Park Regal. With: Dr No (A)

68 **List of Adrian Messenger** (A). Kirk Douglas, Dana Wynter. Fri 29 Apr 11.15 pm only: Baker Street Classic

69 **Our Man Flint** (A). From Sun: Hampstead Classic. With: Thirty Years of Fun (U)

70 **The Silencers** (A). Dean Martin, Stella Stevens. Until Sat: Tottenham Palace. Southgate Odeon. With: Broken Sabre (U). Chelsea Odeon. With: The Honly Terror (U). Notting Hill Gaumont. With: Nobody Waved Goodbye (A). Swiss Cottage Odeon. With: On Such A Night (U)

71 **Spellbound** (A). Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck. From Sun: Waterloo Station Classic

72 **Spy With My Face** (A). Robert Vaughn, David McCallum. Until Sat: Islington Rex. With: Seven Seas to Calais (A), St Pancras Tolmer. With: Chicago Syndicate (A)

74 **Spy Who Went Into Hell** (A). Adele Jurgens, Pascal Petit, Ray Danton. Until Sat: Camberwell Grand. With: Gunfight at Comanche Creek (U). From Sun: Hackney Essoldo. With: Gunpoint (U). Finsbury Park Astoria. With: Al Capone (A). From Mon: Chelsea Essoldo. With: Sabre and the Arrow (U)

WAR

75 **Desert Rats** (U). Richard Burton, James Mason. Robert Newton. From Sun: Dalston Classic. With: Sabre and the Arrow (U)

76 **The Hill** (X). Sean Connery, Harry Andrews, Michael Redgrave. From Mon: Islington Rex. With: Children of the Damned (X)

77 **Operation Crossbow** (A). Sophia Loren, George Peppard. Until Sat: Stoke Newington Coliseum. With: Escort for Hire (A)

78 **633 Squadron** (A). Cliff Robertson, George Chakiris. From Sun: Croydon Classic. With: World of Henry Orient (U). Kilburn Classic. With: Doctor in Distress (A)

WESTERNS

79 **Commancheros** (U). John Wayne, Stuart Whitman. Until Sat: Victoria Biograph. With: Thunder Island (U)

80 **Gunfight at the OK Corral** (A). Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster. From Mon: St Pancras Tolmer. With: With Fire and Sword (A)

81 **McLintock** (U). John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara. Until Sat: Harlesden Coliseum. With: Kings of the Sun (U)

82 **Magnificent Seven** (U). Yul Brynner, Robert Vaughn, Steve McQueen, James Coburn. From Sun: Chelsea Classic

83 **Man Without a Star** (A). Kirk Douglas, Jeanne Crain. Until Sat: Dalston Classic. With: Legion's Last Patrol (A)

PRE-RELEASE

84 **Morgan — A Suitable Case for Treatment** (A). Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner, Robert Stephens, Irene Handl. From Sun: Fulham Road ABC, Edgware Road ABC. With: The Spy Killers (A)

STOP PRESS

85 **Billy Liar!** (A). Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie. From Sun: Ealing Walpole. With: The Rebel (U). Richmond Gaumont. With: A Kind of Loving (X)

86 **The Collector** (X). Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar. From Sun: Hendon Gaumont. With: His Women (X)

87 **Espionage in Lisbon** (U). Brett Halsey, Francesca Rosano. Until Sat: Kilburn Grange. With: Day of Vengeance (U)

88 **The Householder** (U). Shashi Kapoor, Leela Naidu. From Sun: Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. With: My Home is Copacabana (U)

89 **House of Wax** (X). Frank Lovejoy, Vincent Price. From Sun: Stepney Odeon. With: Phantom of the Rue Morgue (X)

90 **Kali Yug, Goddess of Vengeance** (U). Senta Berger, Lex Barker. From Mon: Paddington Essoldo. With: Sierra Stranger (U)

91 **Nun's Story** (U). Audrey Hepburn, Peter Finch. Until Sat: Victoria Cameo

92 **Room at the Top** (X). Laurence Harvey, Simone Signoret. Until Sat: Richmond Gaumont. With: Never Let Go (A)

93 **Une Femme Mariée** (X). Macha Meril, Bernard Neal. From Sun: Hendon Gala. With: Les Cousins (X)

94 **The VIPs** (A). Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor. Until Sat: Hendon Gaumont. Full supporting pgm

95 **West Side Story** (A). Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn. Until Sat: Finsbury Park Astoria

CINEMA CLUBS

National Film Theatre, South Bank, Waterloo (WAT 3232)
Th 28, F 29 Apr. M 2, T 3 May: The War Game. 6.0, 7.15, 8.30, 9.45
W 4 May: She Done Him Wrong. 6.15, 8.30
Theatre and Club Room closed Sat 30 Apr and Sun 1 May

Starlight Cinema Club, May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 7777)
Th 28 Apr 3 days: New York Confidential. 8.0, 10.30. F only: 10.30
F 29 Apr: She's Back on Broadway. 9.0. Candlelight in Algeria. 7.30
Sun 1 May 4 days: Paris Blues. Sun: 8.30. M & T 8.0, 10.30. W only: 10.30
W 4 May: King Kong. 8.45. Days of Glory. 7.15

BOOKS

FIRST FIVE: 1 The Magus by John Fowles. 2 Mayfair, A Town Within London by Reginald Colby. 3 That Awful Mess on Via Merulana by Gadda. 4 I Couldn't Smoke the Grass on My Father's Lawn by Michael Chaplin. 5 Sabre Tooth by Peter O'Donnell.

An important ingredient of recent novels has been fantasy, whether a return to Swiftean social satire, a variant of science fiction or as the background to the psychological novel. John Fowles's *The Magus* (published on 2 May by Jonathan Cape, Book Society choice of the month) is even more fantastical than his first, very successful novel *The Collector*.

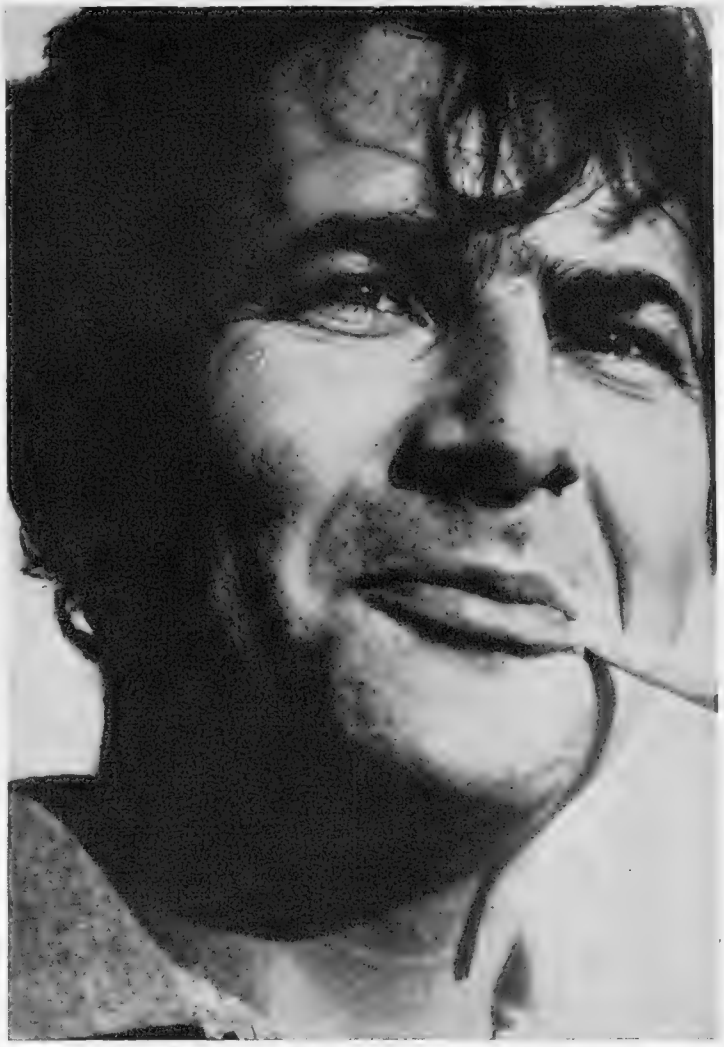
The draft for this book was in fact written before *The Collector*. It is the story of a young man called Nicholas Urfe, an Oxford graduate who goes to teach on the Greek island of Phraxos. The author calls him "the guinea pig, the Everyman character who is the reader. I used the first person to pull the reader in." But it becomes clear that the main character is Conchis, a compelling, eccentric millionaire who manipulates and mystifies Urfe. He is the Magus – from the Persian, meaning priest-magician. "He doesn't," emphasises Fowles, "say that he is God, but he has an intuition of how the universe works."

Every comment, every look, of the old man seems significant to Urfe; every revelation of what he is getting at is superseded by another. "I hope it becomes evident that the whole thing is engineered," says Fowles. "But the final explanation is not clear at all – just a couple of very vague statements, which is the exact position we are in in the universe. I regard the human world as a trap or cage or prison – the bars are heredity, death and natural gifts or defects. The girl in *The Collector* established a kind of freedom within the cage, although she died. And Urfe begins to liberate himself from his past. If you like this is the Existentialist theory – there are no gods so we can be free, within limitations."

Secker & Warburg to publish "The Lie," a major new novel by Alberto Moravia, in the autumn.

The book is elegantly narrated so that though the "solutions" are kaleidoscopic the page to page narrative is comprehensible, and, given a very rich man with time to indulge his every whim, realistic. There is a luxuriously cinematic background: Greece and the millionaire's masques of the Nazis, Greek myths, France between the wars, trench warfare. Fowles has just finished eight weeks' work on the film script, for which the rights have been sold. Who would he like to play the Magus? No one has been approached, but he would like Charlie Chaplin to do it.

carole d'albiac



Stephen Schneck, author of "The Nightclerk" (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 28 April). He says "My entire life has been devoted to providing good copy for the back of a bookjacket."

NOVELS

THE NIGHTCLERK by Stephen Schneck. This novel, winner of the Prix Formentor, additionally titled "being his perfectly true confession" and dedicated to "the one," begins in the middle of a word and in the middle of a sentence. To wile away the long night hours the nightclerk reads pornography, cuts bits from magazines, remembers his crazy, corrupt life with his wife Katy. A collage and parody of pornography, published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 28 April, 21s

THOSE WHO LOVE by Irving Stone. The author's eighth romantic, biographical novel, the story of Abigail Smith and John Adams, leaders in the American War of Independence. Riots in Boston, John's mission to Europe to negotiate with Britain, Abigail alone during the war, Paris at the court of Louis XVI, London, and finally John as the second President of the United States. Published by Cassell, 28 April, 30s

SABRE TOOTH by Peter O'Donnell. Second full-length novel about Modesty Blaise and Willie Garvin. Tarrant continues to use to advantage their adventure-hunger. This time the villain is Karz, a modern Genghis Khan with an army of mercenaries. Modesty is betrayed. Published by Souvenir Press, 28 April, 21s

THAT AWFUL MESS ON VIA MERULANA by Carlo Emilio Gadda. First published in Italy in 1946, set in the least romantic street in Rome in the year 1927, and written in Florence, the book is a crime novel which leaves the murder unsolved, but probes into every other aspect of squalor and degradation of the Italy epitomised by Mussolini, the plight of the childless woman who was murdered, her extraordinary life. The author has been called an Italian James Joyce. Published by Secker & Warburg, 2 May, 42s

PLAYS

ROYAL FOUNDATION AND OTHER PLAYS by Simon Raven. Four TV and four sound-radio plays, notably his first play produced by BBC Television in 1961, *Royal Foundation*, and also *The Scapegoat* and *The Move Up Country*. Community settings: regimental messes, dons at university, schools. Published by Anthony Blond, 28 April, 35s

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY & CURRENT AFFAIRS

THE WASHING OF THE SPEARS by Donald R Morris. The rise of the Zulu nation under Shaka, hero to many modern Africans, and its fall under Cetshwayo in the Zulu War of 1879. When the Boers marched into the African interior in the 17th century they met only Hottentots and Bushmen, but in the 19th century there were three nations: British, Boer and Zulu. In 1824 the Africans challenged the might of Victorian England and won victories without guns. Published by Jonathan Cape, 2 May, 55s

I COULDN'T SMOKE THE GRASS ON MY FATHER'S LAWN by Michael Chaplin. The story of a son of a famous father – brought up in luxury, educated in Switzerland, who, at the age of 15, left home for an entirely different existence: his rebellion and discoveries. Published by Leslie Frewin on 2 May, 25s

MAYFAIR, A TOWN WITHIN LONDON by Reginald Colby. Beautifully presented and illustrated history of Mayfair, from the time it was a fair held every May in the fields north of Piccadilly to the shops, hotels and pubs which still exist today. Published by Country Life, 28 April, 63s

DIPLOMATIC BAG by Pietro Quaroni. An Italian diplomat's memoirs, characters from the world of diplomacy, some famous some not so well known. Published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 28 April, 30s

THE ISLANDERS by Rosemary Millington. A study of the Hebridean Islands under the threat of change. Published by Hutchinson, 2 May, 25s

JOURNEY TO THE FRONTIER by Peter Stansky and William Abrahams. The lives of two young men of the '30s, both of whom were killed in the Spanish Civil War on active service. Julian Bell, nephew of Virginia Woolf, who had a Bloomsbury childhood, and John Cornford, great grandson of Darwin. Both progressed from poetry to politics, from love to war. Published by Constable, 2 May, 50s

NEW PAPERBACKS

VIETNAM: HISTORY, DOCUMENTS AND OPINIONS ON A MAJOR WORLD CRISIS ed by Marvin E Gettleman. Writings by historians, statesmen and journalists; the Geneva Agreements, policy statements from White Papers and leaders on mainland China; the problems of escalation. Both sides are represented. Penguin Special, 8s 6d

LENIN by David Shub. First unabridged edition to be published in England. Pelican Original, 7s 6d

A SOCIAL HISTORY OF ENGLISH LAW by Alan Harding, Pelican Original, 7s 6d

AFRICAN OUTLINE by Paul Bohannan, Penguin, 4s 6d

SHE CAME TO STAY by Simone de Beauvoir, Penguin, 7s 6d

THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED by Scott Fitzgerald, Penguin, 5s

LE GRAND MEAULNES by Alain-Fournier, Penguin, 4s 6d

JUBB by Keith Waterhouse, Penguin, 3s 6d

coming soon

9 May: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY by Margaret Steen (Longmans)

9 May: THE CAPTIVE OF ZOUR by Marc Peyre (Ross)

12 May: A DANDY IN ASPIC by Derek Marlowe (Gollancz)

2 June: MISS MACINTOSH, MY DARLING by Marguerite Young (Peter Owen)

MUSIC

FIRST FIVE: 1 LSO with Maazel (Festival Hall, Thurs). 2 Munich Philharmonic (Festival Hall, Fri). 3 Der Rosenkavalier (Covent Garden, Fri & Wed). 4 Hamburg State Opera (Sadler's Wells, Mon, Tues & Wed). 5 Hallé Orchestra (Festival Hall, Wed).

Visits from foreign opera companies – except to the Edinburgh Festival – are fairly rare, for two pretty obvious reasons. One is the appalling cost; opera is an expensive enough animal to rear in its own habitat, without adding huge transport bills. The other is our well-known lack of opera facilities – two permanent houses (three if you count Glyndebourne), and one of those sharing with ballet.

Still, a few adventurous Continental houses do brave the Channel crossing, and next week the Hamburg State Opera will take up residence at Sadler's Wells, for a six-night stand of Strauss, Mozart and Alban Berg. They will have to cope with a stage area half the size they are used to, a backstage one-*fifth* their own size, and lack of many technical facilities. Almost in defiance of these conditions, they are bringing a company of 204 (including 93 orchestra, 29 soloists and 33 stage staff), and the most ambitious production in their repertory, Strauss's *The Woman Without A Shadow*.

This is a vast, mystical allegory, never previously performed here, having affinities with the "ordeals" of *Magic Flute* and the spiritual message of *Parsifal*. Even the Germans find it tough going. Hamburg director Rolf Liebermann, himself a composer, says: "The music comes on two planes, sometimes as lyrical as *Rosenkavalier*, sometimes so chromatic that we have constantly to check if we're playing the right notes."

Australian conductor Charles Mackerras makes his debut as musical director of the Hamburg State Opera with Albert Herring on 5 June.

Rated second or third among Germany's 80 opera houses, Hamburg is probably the most enterprising of all. Coming productions include the first 12-tone jazz opera (if you can imagine that – I can't), by Gunther Schuller, with imported Negro singers, and commissions from two British composers, Humphrey Searle and Alexander Goehr. They've even half-solved the language problem: their Italian productions are prepared in both German and Italian, and audiences literally take their choice.

Their visit here will cost £40,000, of which two-thirds is being paid by the West German government. At £3 top prices – no increase on four years ago and less than for many Covent Garden productions – London audiences are getting a bargain.

richard last

Carlo Maria Giulini rehearses with the New Philharmonia Orchestra for the Festival Hall concert on 1 May.

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Th 28 Apr: Works by Bruckner, Beethoven. London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Lorin Maazel. Soloist: Stephen Bishop, piano. 8.0
F 29 Apr: Works by Hindemith, Brahms, Beethoven, Munich Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Fritz Rieger. Soloist: Hans Richter-Haaser, piano. 8.0
Sat 30 Apr: Mantovani and his Orchestra. 8.0
Sun 1 May: Works by Brahms, Haydn. New Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus. Conductor: Carlo Maria Giulini. Soloists: Clifford Curzon, piano. Pilar Lorengar, Josephine Veasey, Richard Lewis, John Shirley-Quirk. 7.30
M 2 Apr: Works by Mozart, Lalo, Beethoven. Insurance Orchestral Society of London. Conductor: Harold Rawlinson. Soloists: John Tunnell, violin, Charles Tunnell, 'cello, Susan Tunnell, piano. 7.30
T 3 Apr: Works by Rossini, Mozart, Respighi, Brahms. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Lamberto Gardelli. Soloists: Richard Morgan, oboe, John McCaw, clarinet, Keith Whitmore, horn, Martin Gatt, bassoon. 8.0
W 4 Apr: Works by Rossini, Mozart, Frigyes Hidas, Nielsen. First performance in England of the Oboe Concerto by Frigyes Hidas. Hallé Orchestra. Conductor: Sir John Barbirolli. Soloist: Evelyn Rothwell, oboe. 8.0

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7 (KEN 8212). Sun 1 May: Works by Ravel, Rachmaninov, Borodin, Mendelssohn, Tchaikovsky. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Coldstream Guards Band. Conductor: Fistoulari. Soloists: Elaine Skorodin, Julius Katchen. 7.30

FAIRFIELD HALL, Croydon (CRO 9291). Th 28 Apr: Works by Mozart, Benjamin Britten. Coulsdon and Purley Choral Society. Conductor: Eric H Thiman. Soloists: Gerald Barnes, organ, Sheila Armstrong, soprano, Lesley Wood, contralto, Thomas Gambold, tenor, Norman Lumsden, bass. 7.45
Sat 30 Apr: Works by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven. London Mozart Players. Conductor: Harry Blech. Soloists: Christopher Hyde-Smith, flute, Marisa Robles, harp. 7.45

CHRIST'S COLLEGE HALL, Finchley, N3 (FIN 1607). Sat 30 Apr: Works by Honegger, Seiber. Finchley Choral Society, Barlow Orchestra. Conductor: Alan Barlow. Soloists: Pamela Petts, Lesley Wood, Robert Bowman, Richard Baker, narrator

ODEON, SWISS COTTAGE (SWI 3424). T 3 May: Works by Mozart, Beethoven, Bruckner. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Kurt Woss. Soloist: Daniel Barenboim, piano. 8.0

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6371). Sun 1 May: Concertos by C P E Bach, Vivaldi, Telemann. Thames Chamber Orchestra. Conductor: Michael Dobson. Soloists: Archie Camden, bassoon, William Bennett, flute, Neil Black, oboe d'amore, Rosemary Green, viola d'amore. 7.30

GUILD CHURCH OF ST ANDREW, EC4 (FLE 4721). W 4 May: Cantatas and Symphonia Pasquale, Anthony Milner. London Bach Society, English Chamber Orchestra. Conductor: Paul Steinitz. Soloists: Wilfred Brown, John Birch, John Shirley-Quirk. 8.0

RECITALS

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore Street, W1 (WEL 2141). Th 28 Apr: Works by Dallapiccola, Chopin, Bach, William Doppmann, piano. 7.30
F 29 Apr: Works by Mozart, Lesur, Beethoven. Songs by Severac, Ravel. Clara Neumann, mezzo-soprano, Christiane Verzieux, piano. 7.30
Sat 30 Apr: Works by Rawsthorne, Prokofiev, Beethoven, Schubert, Byrd, Purcell, Field, Bax, Ireland, Chopin, Brahms, Debussy, Franck Merrick, piano. (80th Birthday Recital.) 3.0. Die Schöne Müllerin, Schubert. Julian Moyle, baritone, Gordon Kember, piano. 7.30
M 2 May: Irma Rogell, harpsichord. 7.30
T 3 May: Works by Beethoven, Ravel, Mussorgsky. Audrey Johannesen, piano. 7.30
W 4 May: Works by Beethoven, Shostakovitch, Schubert. Oromonti Piano Trio. 7.30

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Sun 1 May: Folksongs with guitar, William Clauson. 3.0

GERMAN INSTITUTE, 51 Princes Gate, Exhibition Road, SW7 (KEN 3648). F 29 Apr: Works by Schumann, Brahms. Siegbert Panzer, piano. 8.0

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, SW1. T 3 May: Jeanne Demessieux, organ. 6.15

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066)
F 29 Apr: Der Rosenkavalier, R Strauss (in German). Conductor: Solti. Principals: Jurinac, Carlyle, Veasey, Minton, Macdonald, Dobson, Ronald Lewis, Langdon. 7.0
M 2 May: Tosca, Puccini (in Italian). Conductor: Downes. Principals: Collier, Cioni, Bacquier, Garrett, Kelly. 7.30
W 4 May: Der Rosenkavalier, R Strauss (in German). Conductor: Morris. Principals: Jurinac, Carlyle, Veasey, Minton, Ward, Dobson, Ronald Lewis, Langdon. 7.0

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (TER 1672)
M 2 May: Die Frau Ohne Schatten, R Strauss. Hamburg State Opera Company. Conductor: Ludwig. Principals: Kozub, Dalis, Fliether, Crass, Pilarczyk, Blankenburg, Schultz, Wohlfahrt. 7.0
T 3 May: Cosi Fan Tutte, Mozart. Hamburg State Opera Company. Conductor: Matthias Kuntzsch. Principals: Saunders, K Meyer, Schreier, Krause, Adam, Putz. 7.30
W 4 May: Lulu, Berg. Hamburg State Opera Company. Conductor: Ludwig. Principals: Pilarczyk, K Meyer, von Ilosvay, Steiner, Wohlfahrt, Borg

NEW THEATRE, High Street, Bromley. M-Sat 2-7 May: Vagabond King, Friml. Conductor: Steptoe. The Ravensbourn Opera Company. 7.45. Sat, 5.0 and 8.0

BALLET

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066)
Th 28 Apr: The Dream, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy/Ashton. Monotones Nos 1 and 2, Satie/Ashton. Les Noces, Stravinsky/Nijinska. Conductor: Lanchbery. Principals: Beriosova, Sibley, Dowell. 7.30
Sat 30 Apr: Swan Lake, Tchaikovsky/Ivanov and Petipa. Conductor: Young. Principals: Seymour, Gable. 2.15
Sat 30 Apr: Swan Lake, Tchaikovsky/Ivanov and Petipa. Conductor: Lanchbery. Principals: Beriosova, MacLeary. 7.30
T 3 May: The Sleeping Beauty, Tchaikovsky/Petipa. Conductor: Lanchbery. Principals: Nerina, Blair. 7.30

LAMDA THEATRE CLUB, Logan Place, Earl's Court, W8 (FRE 7017). (Tickets for members only)
Sat 30 Apr: Harlequin Ballet. Programme of new ballets including Little Nothing, Wolf/Roy. Passing Encounter, Lennox/Roy. The Chair, Lewis/Steuer. The Chinese Conjurer, Satie/McAlpine. Guest artists: Gallea, Roy. 3.0 and 8.0

GALLERIES

FIRST FIVE: 1 Dubuffet (Tate). 2 Dubuffet (Robert Fraser). 3 Selligman Collection (Arts Council). 4 Miro (Marlborough Fine Arts). 5 William Tucker (Rowan).

When we look at pictures of pictures, photographs, coloured reproductions, not all the clues we put together in order to identify the things we are seeing are strictly visual. Memory and experience play a large part; memory of the work of art itself perhaps, or experience of looking at similar things – or even experience of looking at colour reproductions.

Too often this last facility is the most important. We very rarely see in what a scientist would accept as an objective sense. The human eye makes very considerable and rapid adjustments to whatever it is facing. As soon as we recognise anything at all we tend to jump the gun. A colour, a texture or a piece of imagery are enough for us to work out what the thing is made of, what it weighs or what it would be like to touch.

When it comes to colour reproductions of pictures in which colour is all important (and that must be 90 per cent. of all paintings) I believe we are all prone to some terrifying self-deceptions. We are too nice, too kind, too easily satisfied. We accept a memento of a thing instead of a record. When it comes to reproductions of works we have never seen, there is danger in store as well as shock – when we see the original.

Special retrospective exhibition of Aubrey Beardsley with prints, drawings and biographical material will be mounted at the V & A in mid-May.

Not only can a travesty reproduction keep one away from the original, the travesty may become so familiar that it actually becomes preferable. (It would be like finding an Italian or a Frenchman who preferred instant coffee.)

This occurs more frequently than is pleasant to record. I am not the only tutor of art students who has found this true of a visit to a special exhibition – like the recent Bonnard exhibition where few first-class examples of the artist's work had previously been available. So far I have found it an unanswerable question; not because the situation doesn't change when the opportunities for direct contrast and comparison are available, but partly because I am not entirely out of sympathy, though on a more sophisticated level. There are artists whose work I prefer in reproduction, work which is improved by reduction in scale, sharpening of contrast and glossy transparency of colour. But I don't pretend it is what the artist meant.

keith sutton

Left: Marble head, Roman 2nd century AD at the Arcade Gallery. Right: Porcelain Sung Jar and Cover: Selligman Collection at the Arts Council.

Left: "Marche au ciel gris": Dubuffet at the Tate Gallery. Right: "Orpheus I": Aluminium sculpture by William Tucker at the Rowan Gallery.

OPENING

AGNEW, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 6176. Baroque and Rococo painting in Italy: 47 pictures of 17th and 18th centuries, all painted under Italianate influence. 2-28 May. M-F 9.30-5.30, Sat 9.30-1

PAULINE AITKEN, Curwen, 1 Coleville Place, W1. MUS 1459. Etchings. 4-28 May. M-F 10-5, Th 10-7, Sat 10-1

ARTS COUNCIL, 4 St James's Square, SW1. WHI 9737. Selection from the collection of Oriental art formed by the late Prof and Mrs C G Selligman: including Chinese, Central Asia and Luristan bronzes, Chinese jades and sculpture, pottery and porcelain. 7 May-7 Jun. M W, F & Sat 10-6, Tu & Th 10-8. Adm 3s 6d. Students and pensioners half-price

LAURENCE BURT, OSWELL BLAKESTON. Drian Galleries, 5/7 Porchester Place, W2. PAD 9473. Burt – recent sculpture, slightly "Pop" and secretive. Blakeston – small fantasies in oils. 4-21 May. Daily 10-6

KEITH GRANT. New Art Centre, 41 Sloane Street, SW1. BEL 5844. Large and small oils, series built around a visit to the volcanoes in Iceland. 3-28 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

FLEUR COWLES. Grosvenor, 28/30 Davies Street, W1. MAY 0891. Recent Surrealist paintings. 3-28 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

GROMAIRE. Lefevre, 30 Bruton Street, W1. MAY 2250. Recent works. 5-28 May, M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. GRO 6186. "Through Drawing"; work of students from Coventry School of Art. 5 May-4 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

ROYAL ACADEMY, Piccadilly, W1. REG 7981. Summer Exhibition. 7 May-14 August. M-Sat 10-6, Sun 2-6. Adm 5s. Students and pensioners half-price

WILLIAM TUCKER. Rowan, 25a Lowndes Street, SW1. BEL 3490. Sculpture of the past 18 months, first showing since New Generation, 1963 and New York 1965. Pieces titled "Thebes," "Memphis," "Orpheus I," etc. 6-26 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

RICHARD SMITH. Whitechapel, High Street, E1. BIS 1492. Retrospective exhibition of American orientated artist, 1958-1966. One of the artists representing Britain at this year's Venice Biennale. 5 May-5 June. Tu-Sat 11-6, Sun 2-6. You may smoke

KASMIN, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. English artists to be shown at the Venice Biennale. 29 April-21 May. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

WOODSTOCK, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAY 4419. Recent paintings by Chase, Rubbra, Mosley. 2-21 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

ZWEMMER, 26 Litchfield Street, WC2. TEM 1793. Paintings, drawings and sculptures; Soto, Karmi, Sutj, Fontana, Alviani, Morandini, etc. Also prints from Galleria del Delposito. 4 to the end of May. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

CURRENT

AIA, 15 Lisle Street, WC2. GER 4946. Prints by members. Until 4 May. M-F 11-6, Sat 11-4

ADRIAN HEATH. Redfern, 20 Cork Street, W1. REG 1732. New paintings, 1965-6. Oil on canvas large, about 4 to 5 ft. square, smaller oils on paper. Until 20 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

AMERICAN EMBASSY, Grosvenor Square, W1. GRO 9000. Five American artists working in Britain: Bradzys, Cohen, Hubbard, Kelly, Kitaj. Until 6 May. M-F 9-6, Adm free

ARCADE GALLERY, 7 Royal Arcade, 28 Old Bond Street, W1. HYD 1879. Mannerist and Baroque paintings, also sculpture and many small items. Greek, African Oceanic, etc. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

AVERY. Waddington, 2 Cork Street, W1. REG 1719. Recent watercolours. Until 21 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

BUGATTI and **KUBIN.** Piccadilly, 16a Cork Street, W1. MAY 2875. Animal sculpture by Bugatti (1885-1916), elder brother of the car maker; in style, a cross between Cubism and Art Nouveau. Kubin (1877-1959), drawings by famous German book illustrator, seduced at the age of 11 by older woman and suffered the attentions of a sadistic maidservant; early fantasies anticipate surrealism. Until 14 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

JOHN CHRISTOPHERSON and **TIMOTHY GIBBS.** Leicester, 4 Audley Street, W1. MAY 1159.

"The Penitent Magdalen": Piazzetta, from Baroque and Rococo paintings at Agnews

"Spurtsey": oil on canvas by Keith Grant at the New Art Centre

Christopherson; recent collages. Gibbs; paintings and gouaches. Until 7 May. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

COLNAGHI, 14 Old Bond Street, W1. HYD 1943. Old Master Drawings. Until 13 May. M-F 10-5.30

ALAN DAVIE. Gimpels Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W1. MAY 3720. Several very large recent paintings. Until 21 May. M-F 10-5.45, Sat 10-1

DUBUFFET. Robert Fraser, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. "Utensiles Utopiques": recent work. Until 28 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 11-1

DUBUFFET. Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1. TAT 4444. Retrospective exhibition of work made between 1942 and 1965. Major postwar figurative artist who has worked in many unconventional media, sculptural relief and collage. Selected by Alan Bowness in consultation with the artist. Until 30 May. M-S 10-6, Tues and Th 10-8, Sun 2-6. Adm 3s 6d adults, 1s 9d students and old-age pensioners. Seasons – 10s and 5s

BRUNO GOLLER. Hanover, 32a St George Street, W1. MAY 0296. Recent paintings by German artist (b 1901). Figurative imagery. Until 7 May. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

HAIG. O'Hana, 13 Carlos Place, W1. GRO 1562. Recent paintings. Until 7 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

HAMPSTEAD ARTS CENTRE, Arkwright Road, NW3. HAM 2643. Anthology of Figurative Painting: including works by Michael Andrews, Euan Uglow, Dennis Creffield and Josef Herman. Second exhibition by new venture promoted by the Borough of Camden which includes galleries and an art school. Until 29 May. Adm free. Tue-Sat 12-8, Sun 2-7

MARLBOROUGH NEW LONDON. 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. John Piper, Ceri Richards, Sidney Nolan. Recent paintings. Until 25 May. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

JOAN MIRO. Marlborough Fine Arts, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Selected paintings 1914-1963. Until 28 May. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

NASSER ASSAR. Upper Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor Street, W1. HYD 3091. Second London show by Persian artist who works in Paris. Poetic and liquidly brushed oil paintings. Until 6 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

THE QUEEN'S GALLERY, Buckingham Palace, SW1. "George IV and The Arts of France." Until further notice. T-Sat 11.15, Sun 2.30-5. Closed M. Adm 2s 6d, students 1s 6d

SCHOTTLANDER, Hamilton, 8 St George Street, W1. HYD 3196. Recent sculpture. Until 21 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

PETER SEDGLEY. McRoberts & Tunnard, 34 Curzon Street, W1. GRO 3811. Recent paintings, drawings and prints; mixed media on canvas and board, some large and some hexagonal. Until 14 May. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

SOUVERBI. Roland, Browse and Delbanco, 18 Cork Street, W1. REG 7894. Recent paintings. Until 13 May. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

ARTHUR TOOTH. 31 Bruton Street, W1. GRO 6741. Paris-Londres: various painters, Impressionist and later. Until 14 May. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

VASARELY. Brook Street Gallery, 24 Brook Street, W1. HYD 1550. 29 pieces, from early (1949) asymmetric through linears and pure 'Op' to recent brightly coloured paintings. Also series of prints. Until 11 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

BRIAN WALL, Grosvenor, 30 Davies Street, W1. MAY 0891. Head of Sculpture Department at the Central School having first solo exhibition of his recent sculpture since showing in the British Sculpture of the Sixties at the Tate, 1965. Until 7 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

PERMANENT

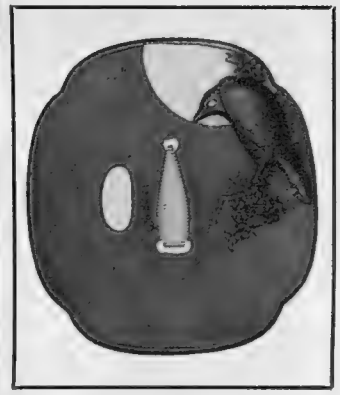
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY. St Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, WC2. WHI 9511. Portraits of the famous in British history, AD 790-1964. Acquisitions during 1965. M-Sat 10-5. Sun 2-6. Adm free

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar Square, WC2. WHI 7618. Permanent collection of Old Masters, possibly the most comprehensive in the world. Recent acquisitions and pictures rehung, after cleaning. M-Sat 10-6, Sun 2-6. Adm free

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, South Kensington, SW7. KEN 6371. The Michelangelo Tondo; temporary exhibition with related drawings by Michelangelo and Raphael. Adm 2s, school parties 1s mid-May. All galleries open free daily, 10-6, Sun 2.30-6

COMING SOON

BILL DOLE, American collagist and Professor of Fine Art in California, will have first solo exhibition in Britain at McRoberts and Tunnard in mid-May



Japanese sword mount (Sotheby's), Mon 2 May)

Cameo glass scent bottle (Christie's, Mon 2 May)

SALEROOMS

FRI 29 APRIL

English and Continental furniture, works of art, clocks and rugs and carpets at Sotheby's. 10.30 am

Pictures by Old Masters at Christie's. 11 am. This sale includes four paintings belonging to the Duke of Norfolk from Everingham Park, Yorkshire

Nineteenth century covers of the world at Harmer Rooke's. 2 pm

Antique and modern furniture and household effects at Phillips, Son & Neale's Marylebone auction rooms. 10 am

Furniture, carpets, pictures and silver at Knight, Frank & Rutley's. 1 pm

Postage stamps at Puttick & Simpson's. 11 am

MON 2 MAY

Fine portrait miniatures, scientific instruments and fine watches and clocks at Sotheby's. 11 am. This sale includes a delightful miniature by George Engleheart. This superb miniature, executed around 1790, shows a woman wearing a wide-brimmed blue hat trimmed with white ostrich feathers in a rose diamond foliate frame. There are some very fine watches in this sale, including a pair-cased watch by John Knibb who was Mayor of Oxford in 1700

Fine Japanese sword mounts, colour prints and works of art at Sotheby's. 11 am, continuing Tues and Wed. Like netsuke, Japanese sword mounts are becoming increasingly popular collection pieces. The tsuba or sword guard, is a nice small and very beautiful object. The average tsuba costs around £3 whereas the more expensive ones can go for anything around £500

Valuable printed books, autograph letters and historical documents at Sotheby's. 11 am. There are no fewer than 155 Chinese rice paper drawings in this sale, selling in 10 lots

Fine English and Continental glass and paperweights at Christie's. 11 am. This sale starts with eight lots of Nailsea glass, including a lot of five rolling-pins in various coloured glass with the usual hollow insides for smuggling practices. There are some extremely attractive cameo-glass scent bottles in the sale

Stamps of Great Britain at Harmer's. 1.30 pm. This sale includes a profusion of Penny Blacks and four present day 3d stamps with hardly discernible imperfections which could fetch between £15 and £20 at auction

Antique and reproduction furniture, carpets, porcelain and pictures at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 11 am

TUES 3 MAY

Continental pottery and porcelain at Sotheby's. 11 am. This sale ends with a very lovely Berlin Empire vase

Modern French and German illustrated books and periodicals at Sotheby's. 11 am. This includes Bonnard's *Parallélement 1900*, Delacriox's *Faust* 1828, Matisse's *Florilege des Amours*, 1948, Picasso's *Le Chef-d'oeuvre Inconnu* 1931, and Toulousse-Lautrec's *Yvette Guilbert* 1894. There are also books illustrated by Arp, Chagall, Ernst and Miro

Antiquities, ethnographica and Islamic pottery at Christie's. 10.30 am

Among the many beautiful amphora and sculpture in this sale is a Greek gold laurel wreath dating from between the fifth and third century B.C.

Twentieth century British Commonwealth stamps at Harmer's. 1.30 pm, continuing Wed

Ceramics and objects of art at Puttick & Simpson's. 11 am

Sixteenth- and 17th-century pictures at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 2 pm. This includes some very fine shipping scenes

English and Continental furniture, porcelain and works of art, Eastern rugs and carpets at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 11 am

Household furniture and effects at Bonham's. Old Chelsea Galleries. 11 am

WED 4 MAY

Objects of art, English and Continental furniture, textiles, Eastern rugs and carpets at Christie's. 11 am

Old Master paintings at Sotheby's. 11 am

Carpets and rugs at Bonham's. 11 am

Fine European and Oriental pottery and porcelain and clocks at Bonham's. 11 am

Antiques at the Motcomb Galleries. 11 am and 2.30 pm

THURS 5 MAY

English and Continental furniture, textiles, Eastern rugs and carpets at Christie's. 11 am

English and foreign silver and plate at Sotheby's. 11 am

Antique and modern furniture at Bonham's. 11 am

Paintings by Old and Modern Masters at Bonham's. 11 am

Guns and fishing tackle at Knight, Frank & Rutley's. 1 pm

Musical instruments at Puttick & Simpson's. 11 am

penny haworth

THE NEW VIRILITY DIET IS A FAMOUS DOCTOR'S KEY to staying young. The basic rule of this instant remedy for all the stresses and strains of life today is to eat as often as possible at your nearest Peter Evans' Eating House. Serious seekers after virility, beauty, youth, and a permanent state of healthy euphoria will find the secret is a high-protein diet composed of the best steaks in London from prize Galloway steers raised and matured on the richest grasslands in Scotland. This diet is helped down by tonic draughts of better wine than the average Frenchman quaffs. For Food With Style forward to 65 Kings Road, SW3, SLO 2810; 1 Kingly Street, W1, REG 7460; 78 Kensington High Street W8, WES 8282; 225 Brompton Road, SW3, KEN 8578; 115 Finchley Road, NW3, PRI 4990; 60 Fleet Street, EC4, FLE 4996; Midmoor House, Kew Road, Richmond, RIChmond 1165.

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GOOD EATING

The two young proprietors of Bruno One, Stephen Joseph, son of financier, Maxwell Joseph, with his Italian partner Bruno Conci. With them (right) is designer Ken Moore, who has produced an ingeniously varied decor in this small restuarant on the borders of Chelsea and Fulham.

We critics, I've been told this week, *like* condemning the honest toil of creative souls. It's always easier, said my aggressor (a rather pretty girl, which didn't help) to attack entertainingly than to praise.

Unaccustomed as I am believed to be to lauding, this week it gives me great pleasure to hail the initiative of three young men whose Chelsea restaurant, now just a fortnight old, seems fair set for success already.

The whole story might be summed up as – Millionaire's Son Makes Good.

Stephen Joseph, 26-year-old son of Maxwell Joseph – the property millionaire and hotel emperor – was, so to speak, born into the eating and sleeping business. He appears not to regret this – far from it; he rather likes the industry, which partly explains why he is chairman of Norfolk Hotels.

He has got together now with 29-year-old Bruno Conci, son of an Italian businessman, and former manager of La Popote, and Jean-Jacques, 23-year-old French chef, to open Bruno One.

This is a quite small French restaurant (it seats maybe 45) with decor of red plush and blackamoors (by Ken Moore), at 7 Park Walk, SW10 (reservations – FLA 3546). This is a curious little street off the Fulham Road at West Brompton.

Although he lives in the seclusion of Kensington's Edwardes Square, with his pretty wife Iona, daughter of film king Maurice Ostrer, it appears that young and fashionably abrasive Mr Joseph has not led an altogether sheltered life.

He spent three years at the hotel school in Lausanne, and during this period he worked for six months as a chef at the Lotti Hotel, Paris (father Maxwell, I hear, is now about to buy it!), and six months as a waiter at the Wellington Hotel, Madrid. He has also run hotels – assistant manager at the Mount Royal and Piccadilly and manager of the Belle Vue, Cheltenham.

His favourite cuisine is French. He plays classical music on the piano and also enjoys gardening in his spare time. He says he likes cooking – but prefers to leave that to his wife. (She says she likes it, too, but prefers to leave it to Stephen.)

This is how he envisages Bruno One: "You must decide whom you're going to cater for – young people who haven't a great deal of money to spend, but who like to eat somewhere a little bit entertaining and not every day. That's where the blackamoors and so on come in"

Bruno One is, therefore, reasonably priced – main courses are around 11s 6d and 12s 6d: trout with almonds; *poulet diable;* roast duckling *bigarade;* grilled veal. I'm pleased to note that hors d'oeuvres include leeks *vinaigrette* (3s 6d); among the sweets, *petit pot de chocolat* (4s) should be highly delicious.

Adding in wine at 14s the carafe, young Chelseaites (and others) can expect to eat and drink for about 30s a head. Quite good for these inflationary times. (Credit cards: Diners, American Express.)

Does Bruno One presage a whole chain of Brunos – or Bruins, as I suppose they should be termed. "No," says Stephen Joseph. "We just wanted a name that jarred, one people will remember."

Any more plans at all?

"No," said Stephen Joseph, "though I'm always thinking of plans."

Discothèques are being thought of just now, I gather.

This week I reintroduce the idea of a Top Ten ranking among London's restaurants. It's a difficult notion to tackle, and I must say from the start that the 10 eateries listed here are *not* the only 10 places worth fattening at in town.

They are the places – and the list will change from time to time – which combine: good food, comfort, pleasant decor, elegant and/or friendly service.

I shall include one or two places, such as Bloom's and Cranks, because (though gourmets may not utterly approve) I want to offer as wide a range of eating as I can.

But, of course, there will always be a goodly number of restaurants with interesting and unusual menus; adventurous cuisines; startling decors. If I don't include these in the Top Ten, it's because they don't qualify *all round.* The Cellier du Midi, in Hampstead, for example, serves tremendously good food – but I'm not yet sure that it's quite comfortable enough.

There's no moral to the story; if every restaurant was a best one, there would be no place for a Top Ten, anyway.

arthur pottersman

AROUND TOWN

GAY HUSSAR, 2 Greek Street, W1 (GER 0973). Open Monday-Saturday 12.30-3 and 6.30-11 pm. Booking is essential; I've seen several people turned away at all times. Small place with very good Hungarian cuisine. The service may be surly the first time of visiting, which is, of course, infuriating, but usually improves on a second visit. The tall dark young, and short older, Hungarian waiters are best. I descended with a band of ravenous Hungarian tasters the other evening – two of whom first said "paprika" in pre-1914 Budapest – and their reports amount to this: pressed boar's head (4s 6d) and cold pike (7s 6d) make the best hors d'oeuvres. Veal goulash with *galuska* – Hungarian noodles (12s 6d), or stuffed cabbage (12s 6d), or crumbed calves foot (10s 6d) are excellent. So is *fatanyeros,* a delicious Transylvanian mixed grill (25s for two), invented by the Szëkler national minority to which composer Bela Bartok belonged. Not so reliable is roast goose (15s 6d). Delicious vegetables include red cabbage (2s 6d) and sour potatoes (3s 6d). Smashing goodies, such as special strawberry ice-cream (3s 6d). *Esterhazi gesztenyes* – chestnut gâteau (4s 6d), *Salzburger nockerl* – special soufflé (15s for two). Also smashing Turkish coffee (2s 6d). Including the intoxicating wine at 12s 6d a carafe, expect to pay about 30s a head. No credit cards

HENDON GRILL, 86 Brent Street, NW4 (HEN 8575). Open Monday-Saturday, 12-3 and 5.30-11 (last orders, 10 minutes before closing times). Mr and Mrs Nick specialise in what is best called *bespoke* cooking. Expect to wait, therefore, 20 minutes or so for your main course. Specialities are the charcoal grilled steaks and chops (6s 6d to 13s 6d). They also do a loin of pork (8s 6d), schnitzel (10s 6d), sweetbreads (9s 6d) and roast chicken (7s 6d). Start with melon or corn on the cob or prawn cocktail (3s to 5s 6d) and end with fresh fruit, *baklava,* or even yoghourt (2s to 3s 6d). Very moderately priced wine list, or by the glass (3s 6d). Two can eat for well under £3. No credit cards

RESTAURANT MAURER, 9 Greek Street, W1 (GER 4659). Open Monday-Saturday, 12-3 and 6-11 (last orders 10.45). Madame Maurer married into the place when she came here from Cologne over 30 years ago, and still rules the kitchen in her idiosyncratic Alsatian way. I think that publisher and fellow foodman Anthony Blond, with whom I tested Maurers the other week, will always remember with me the anguished hush that fell upon the whole crowd of lunch eaters to hear her talking eagerly on the phone about some small boy's well-being. Very plain décor, not over-comfortable wooden chairs, bookings accepted for a minimum of four, superb cooking – by Madame herself in the kitchen just behind the restaurant. Soup (1s 6d), liver dumplings – big and light (8s), schnitzel (16s), home-made *bratwurst* (8s). Frankly, everything is very good. As to sweets, all home-made; ice-cream or fruit flan or gâteau (with cream, of course, this being German eating) are lovely. By now she'll have got her licence, but a large bottle of Schloer apple-juice goes well with Madame Maurer's cooking too (3s 6d). She does all the shopping herself, often twice a day, and the baking and cooking too – service is by a Swiss fraulein with delightfully broad vowels. Minimum charge is 12s 6d a head, but you can eat jolly well for 15s anyway. No credit cards· no luncheon vouchers; no cheques

BARON OF BEEF, Gutter Lane, Gresham Street, EC2 (MON 6961). Open Monday-Friday, 12-3 and 5 pm-9.30 pm, when last orders are taken. Licensed until 11, however. Smack in the middle of the City, and my word! what a City atmosphere at lunchtime – a positive commission of stockbrokers (if that's the right collective noun), a tremendous underwriting of hubbub, with hardly a lady shareholder to be seen anywhere. Eating is first-rate English: roast beef (15s 6d), steak & kidney pie (12s 6d), grilled steak (19s 6d), poached Scotch salmon (17s 6d). Splendid bubble-and-squeak too. Start off with the smoked salmon (12s 6d) or smoked trout (8s 6d), or one of the soups (about 5s 6d). Finish up with fruit salad (5s) or ice-cream, which they serve with hot chocolate or butterscotch sauce (4s). Coffee is drinkable (2s 6d). Sundries include pickled walnuts, for which may Allah be praised. No credit cards – but Mecca, who own this place, will arrange private accounts. Wines in carafe are £1, so expect to pay £5 plus a bit for two. Several words of praise, also, for Mr Russell the manager, who greets every eater at the entrance in a most friendly way, whether old or new

BEOTYS, 14 Wright's Lane, W8 (WES 8525) and 79 St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 8763). Open Monday-Saturday, 12.30-2.45 and 6-11 (St Martin's Lane serves dinner from 5.30-11.30). Beotys is Greek for quality, and I like their quality very much: start with *taramosalada* (6s 6d), or vine leaves (6s), or owner Theodore Frangos's own creation, scampi Theodore – hot sherry sauce, seasoning and mushrooms (10s 6d). Continue with *moussaka* (12s 6d), or a Greek-Cypriot dish, *stefado de boeuf* – sautéd, with shallots, seasoning, button mushrooms (12s 6d). The Greek sweets here are extremely good. I like especially the *loukmades* (6s 6d), served with sugar, cloves and cinammon. Greek wines may be an acquired taste – shall we say I was *interested* by the Metaxas red Burgundy (16s) – but there are plenty of very moderately priced French wines on the list, too. If your pocket can stretch, I also urge a smashing Greek orange liqueur – Filfar (4s 6d). Incidentally, for my more conservative compatriots, there's always a special English dish on the menu. Good eavesdropping – the other week I think I heard BBC TV boss Huw Wheldon tell retired BBC high-up Grace Wyndham Goldie that his favourite programmes were football, Quatermass, and Tony Hancock. Not even Harold Wilson could complain of that. Good value for two, at about £3. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

BIAGI'S, 39 Upper Berkeley Street, W1 (PAD 0394). Open every day 12-3 and 6-12 (Sundays, 7-11.30) with last orders up to 10 minutes before closing time! Owner Giampiero Biagi runs a most welcome Italian oasis in that desert around the Edgware Road. Spaghetti, ravioli, and *tagliatelle* – all 5s 6d; moderate selection of enjoyable, if usual, veal and chicken dishes at about 12s 6d; one or two extra goodies like figs and cream or banana split (4s 6d). Wines start with carafes at 15s 6d. All in all very reasonable, at about £3 for two. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

GATTOPARDO, 29a James Street, W1 (WEL 4689, 4649). Open Monday-Saturday, 12-3 (last orders 2.30) and 7 pm-3 am (last orders 2.30 am). An oasis of Italian eating in the desert of London's shopping and rag-trade belts. A mite expensive: the dinner menu, for example, starts off with pasta, 12 ways, from 6s 6d to 9s 6d; stuffed peppers (9s 6d) are also good. *Frittura di pesci* – mixed fry of sea food (15s 6d) or one of the veal or chicken dishes – eg *ossobuco* 14s 6d, *petto di polla* 15s 6d, *scallopine al marsala* 12s 6d – or, blessedly, roast lamb flavoured with herbs (50s for 4) make good middles. Also, blessedly, the sweets include a rum jelly (5s) and a couple of good ice-cream dishes (with pistachio nuts 4s 6d; chestnuts 5s). Wine list starts at 25s, which is a bit steep, though there are a couple of items at 18s 6d the bottle. I must also add one taster's comment, that not all his kidneys were done well. Expect to pay £5 for two (lunch may be a trifle cheaper) but remember that you're paying for music from the Frank Holder Trio as well, so shuffle a bit downstairs to get your money's worth. As for décor, I've said what I think about Italian tiled floors in London many times. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express, Eurocard*

TOP TEN

BLOOMS, Kosher, 90 Whitechapel High Street, E1 (BIS 6001) and Golder's Green Road, NW11 (SPE 1338). Mon-Thurs 11 am-10 pm, Fri 11 am-3 pm, Sun 11 am-11.30 pm. Average bill for two 35s. No credit cards

CAPRICE, French, Arlington Street, W1 (HYD 3183, 5154). Mon-Sat 12.30-3, 6.30 onwards (last orders 11.45). Average bill for two £5 10s. Credit cards: Eurocard

COLOMBINA D'ORO, Italian, 61 Dean Street, W1 (REG 4150, 6875). Every day from 12-3 and 6 (Sun 6.30)-11.30. Average bill for two £4. No credit cards

CRANKS SALAD TABLE, vegetarian, 22 Carnaby Street, W1 (GER 9431). Mon-Fri 11.30-8.30 (coffee from 10). Bill about 13s

EMPRESS international with French emphasis, 15 Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 6126). Sun-Fri 12.30-3 and 6.30-2 am. Average bill for two £7. Credit cards: Diners, American Express

L'ETOILE, French, 30 Charlotte Street, W1 (MUS 7189). Mon-Sat, 12.30-2.30, 6.30-9.30. Average bill for two £5 10s. No credit cards

HUNTING LODGE, English, 16 Lower Regent Street, SW1 (WHI 4222). Mon-Sat 12.30-3, 6.30-12. Minimum charges 25s lunch, 35s dinner. Credit cards: Diners, American Express

MIRABELLE, French, 56 Curzon Street, W1 (GRO 4636). Mon-Sat 1-3 and 7 onwards (last orders 11.15). Average bill for two £10. Credit Cards: Diners, American Express, Eurocard

WHEELERS, French – fish only, 19 Old Compton Street, W1 (GER 7661). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30, 6-10.45. Oyster bar 11.30-3, 5.30-11. Average bill for two £3-£5. Credit cards: Diners, also their own accounts

WHITE TOWER, Greek, 1 Percy Street, W1 (MUS 8141). Mon-Sat, 12.45-3, 6.45- 10.30. Average bill for two £5-£6. Credit cards: Diners, American Express

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NIGHT LIFE

FIRST FIVE: 1 Scotch of St James's. 2 Annie's Room. 3 Dolly's. 4 Annabel's. 5 Pair of Shoes.

It seems the 400 Club, now in its 31st year, is in no danger of closing. Those exclusive premises in Leicester Square that have formed a plush haven for myriads of exclusive customers are merely shrugging their way into the new generation of night clubs.

It seems almost fitting that the shrug should be an expensive one, to date £40,000 has been spent on revamping the club interior, plus a further £200 on postage, spent by director John Kennedy writing to 8,000 members saying, contrary to published rumour, the club is not closing down.

Mr Kennedy tells me the rumour has already lost him his chef: "He panicked when he read the story, somebody else offered him a job, now he's gone."

The new-style 400 is due to emerge in four weeks' time and there will be some significant changes: out goes the orchestra, out goes dinner-jacket evenings, in comes a pop group, in come pop records and in comes Tony Doyle, former disc jockey at the Ad Lib Club.

Annual membership will be 10 guineas and Mr Kennedy points out that drinks will be cheaper than they were during his days at the Ad Lib, "four and sixpence a single and no cover charge." In an attempt to widen the membership the dress restrictions have been relaxed, men will still have to wear a tie, but no one has said anything about a shirt, and the girls will be OK in boots and trouser suits.

"Cilla at the Savoy," a Brian Epstein colour TV programme will be shown to an invited audience at the Savoy on 1 May. Cilla continues in cabaret until 7 May.

● The social scene at the Scotch of St James's has changed a little: owner Louis Brown has decided he has worried enough about overcrowding the club, "So from now on I'm not going to pack people in – when we are full, that's it, no more." Host at the club since last June, Roy Harrod has left to become host at the In Place in Baker Street. His special premises there will be the second basement, to be rechristened the Basement Penthouse and made into a separate club. The In Place started with a fantastic bang and then slipped overnight into mediocrity. Mr Harrod will now attempt to recapture some of that one-night glory on a permanent basis. "I'll be working for director John Bloom and the basement will be made very expensive and very exclusive."

john viner

The saloon bar of The Black Friar pub in Queen Victoria Street

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

CELEBRITY, 17 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 7636). Dancing 10 pm-4 am. No membership fees, no cover charge. In Lounge no minimum charge. In Show Room £1 10s minimum a head plus 12½ per cent. service charge (the £1 10s to be spent on food and/or drink). *Entertainment:* Racing on films, Vive les Girls revue and cabaret, 11.15 and 1.15. Currently: Brian Freeman, Ivor Meggido Dancers, Freddie Stafford Orchestra with The Dallas Boys

DANNY LA RUE'S, 17 Hanover Square, W1 (GRO 4203/5), 10.30 pm to 4 am. Annual membership 2 guineas. Entrance fee £1. *A la carte* menu about 35s a head plus wine. Licensed till 3 am. *Entertainment:* Dancing to 2 groups and Danny La Rue & Company in Revue at 1.15 am

EDMUNDO ROS, 177 Regent Street, W1 (REG 7675 and 2640). 9.30-3.30. Cabaret at 1 am. Annual membership 1 guinea. Cover charge 30s a head. Full *à la carte* menu about £2 a head plus wine. *Entertainment:* The full Edmundo Ros orchestra with Audrey Jean

71 CLUB, 71 Compayne Gardens, NW6 (MAI 6849). 7.30 pm-2 am. Membership 2 guineas a year. Entrance fee 10s. Snacks cost up to £1 (no sandwiches). Drinks: Spirits 3s 6d single. Champagne from £4 10s upwards. Wines from £1. *Entertainment:* latest with-it style clothes are modelled twice nightly. Dancing to resident trio and discs. Occasional groups and lead singers. Every so often a cabaret. Gaming. from 8 pm till gaming ends. Roulette, chemin de fer, blackjack, backgammon, craps, poker. Stakes from 2s 6d. Licensed till 1 am

THE SOCIETY, 40 Jermyn Street, SW1 (REG 0565). Zodiac Bar open 5.30 pm. Restaurant open 7.30 pm-3.30 am. Cabaret at midnight. Evening for two with wine about £5 10s. Service 10 per cent. Gypsy violinist, Joan Heal, with cabaret, dancing

TALK OF THE TOWN. Theatre Restaurant, Hippodrome Corner, Leicester Square, WC2 (REG 5051). Cocktail Lounge open 7.30 pm. Theatre-Restaurant from 8.15 pm-1.15 am. No membership fee. Inclusive charge for three-course dinner, dancing and show 57s 6d. Extras: coffee, drinks and tips. South African hock £1 0s 6d. All else from 27s. Whisky 6s 6d a large measure. *Entertainment:* Spectacular Revue "Dangerous Curves." 9.30 pm, international cabaret star 11 pm. Currently: Max Bygraves

GAMING

BLENHEIM, 4 Blenheim Street, W1 (HYD 2071). Midday-3 pm; 5.30 pm onwards. Bar closes at 11 pm. Membership compulsory 1 guinea. Mainly poker and a little blackjack, one table. Limits 2s 6d till midnight and 5s afterwards. Sandwich machine, food can be brought in

COLONY, Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 1657). Open for medium-priced lunch midday to 3 pm. Gaming starts at 5.30 pm and closes when play ends. Membership, 2 guineas a year. American roulette, blackjack, craps, punto-banco. Stakes vary from 2s to £100. Licensed restaurant, *à la carte* menu approximately £2 a head plus wine. Orchestra. Dancing from 9 pm till 3 am. Licensed till 3 am

CURZON HOUSE, 20-23 Curzon Street, W1 (HYD 3581). All round the clock. Membership compulsory and very exclusive. 10 guineas a year. Prospective members vetted before joining. Bridge, blackjack, chemin de fer, gin rummy, kalooki, poker, roulette, craps, American roulette and baccarat. Limits vary. Good restaurant

FIVE HUNDRED SPORTING CLUB, 42 Albemarle Street, W1 (HYD 0287). Open 24 hours. Membership 1 guinea. Restaurant for inexpensive meals. Licensed till midnight. Luxurious intimate atmosphere. French roulette, blackjack, chemin de fer, poker. Stakes vary from 2s 6d to £50. Racing facilities

RIVER CLUB CASINO, 129 Grosvenor Road, SW1 (VIC 1621). Bar opens 5.30 pm, closes about 12.30 am. Gambling can start at 5.30 but warms up about 11. Last dinner served 1 am. Membership for club and restaurant 8 guineas a year, 5 guineas for out-of-town residents, 2 guineas for temporary membership. Blackjack, roulette, American roulette, craps and chemin de fer

THE VICTORIA SPORTING CLUB, 150/162 Edgware Road, W2 (AMB 2467). 2 pm-5 am. Membership £3 a year. Table fees. Baccarat, backgammon, bridge, blackjack, chemin de fer, dice, gin rummy, kalooki, poker, roulette. Minimum stakes from 5s to £1, maximum from £50 to £600. Restaurant and bar

DINNER & DANCE

ANNABEL'S, 44 Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 3558). 6.30 pm for drinks till late. Food from 7.45 pm. Annual membership 12 guineas; temporary or under-25 membership 5 guineas. Dinner, dancing, about £6-£7 a head. Whisky 10s 6d double. Discothèque, late dining club

BLAISE'S, 121 Queen's Gate, SW7 (KEN 6228) (Restaurant reservations: KEN 9971). Opens 9 pm-2.30 am. Membership 2 guineas. Mon-Thurs entrance free to members until 11 pm. Fri 10s, Sat 10s 6d girls; 12s 6d men. All alcoholic drinks 3s. Food, *à la carte* about £1 per head. Discs, a different live group every night. Roulette 2s 6d min. Blackjack 5s. Chauffeuse available to drive well-known members home

DORCHESTER, Park Lane, W1 (MAY 8888). The Terrace Room 12.30 pm-3 pm; 8.30 pm-1.30 am. Closed Sun. *A la carte* only £4-£5 including wine. Whisky from 3s 9d. Service charge 10 per cent. Cover charge 2s 6d. *Entertainment:* Albert Marland's Music and The Keith Silver's Group from 8.30 pm-1.30 am. Licence to 1.30 am. The Grill Room: Midday-3 pm; 6.30 pm-midnight. Whisky from 3s 9d. Service charge 10 per cent. Cover charge 2s 6d. Licence to midnight

FOUR HUNDRED, 28 Leicester Square, WC2 (WHI 1813). 7 pm till 4 am. Annual membership 10 guineas. Dinner (served till 1 am) approx 50s per head plus wine. Drinks average 4s 6d. *Entertainment:* Dancing to currently The Message

LA PALOMA, 103 Westbourne Grove, W2 (BAY 1910). 8 pm till midnight. Closed Mon. Membership 1 guinea men, 10s ladies. Entrance fee from 3s 6d weekdays to 8s 6d weekends. Entrance free for ladies Tues night. Small menu: Dinner approx 15s a head plus wine. Drinks at pub prices. *Entertainment:* Discothèque. Occasional cabaret. Blackjack, roulette 2s 6d to £5. Supper licence till midnight

TIBERIO, 22 Queen Street, W1 (MAY 3561). Midday-3 pm lunch (not Sat). 7 pm-midnight dinner. *A la carte* approx £3 per head plus wine. Cover charge 2s 6d. No service charge. Dancing till 3 am to Olavo Vas and his Group, and late-night supper 11.30 pm. Licensed till 3 am

DISCOTHEQUES

CHALET SUISSE, 74 Charlotte Street, W1 (MUS 0036 and LAN 3626). 8 pm to 2 am including Sunday. Membership 1 guinea. Ladies 10s. Entrance fee from 5s weekdays to 10s weekends. Swiss cuisine. Dinner approximately £1 a head. Spirits 3s. Beer 2s 6d. *Entertainment:* currently, Eddie Dusham. Dancing to Do Re Mi Trio with Gwen Dolen. Blackjack, roulette. Pferdestall (downstairs), discothèque dancing

CLUB CONCORDE, 37/39 Oxford Street, W1 (GER 7945). 7.30 pm to midnight every night except Monday. Annual membership: 10s gentlemen, 5s ladies. Entrance fee from 3s 6d to 8s 6d. No food, popular prices. *Entertainment:* discothèque dancing, roulette

DOLLY'S, 57 Jermyn Street, SW1 (GRO 5927). 10.30 pm-4 am. Closed Sunday. Annual membership 5 guineas. No entrance fee. Cover charge 25s, includes first drink. Whisky, sold by miniature, 12s. Wines 36s. Steaks, salads and Danish specialities 12s 6d. Special breakfast from 3 pm

DIE FLEDERMAUS, 7 Carlisle Street, W1 (REG 5741). 8 pm-3 am every night. Membership: £1 a year men, 10s girls. Entrance fee: men 7s 6d, girls, Mon to Thurs free, Fri to Sun 7s 6d. Specialises in Scandinavian and German clientèle. Party night, Tuesday all drinks 1s 6d. Dancing to discs and trio

LE KILT, 60 Greek Street, W1 (GER 5576). 8 pm-3 am nightly. Membership: boys £1, girls 10s, for three months. Entrance fee: boys 7s 6d, girls, Mon to Thurs free, Fri to Sun 7s 6d. Light meals at approx 10s a head. Drinks at pub prices. *Entertainment:* dancing to discs and some live groups. Gaming, Boule 2s 6d max stake

THE 007, Hilton Hotel, Park Lane, W1 (HYD 8000). 6.30 pm-2 am. Closed Sun. No entrance fee. Service charge 12½ per cent. Minimum food charge after 11 pm 10s 6d. Light supper from 11 pm from 13s 6d. Whisky 6s. Goldfinger cocktail 7s. Discothèque and a band from 9 pm

NEW CASANOVA, 52 Grosvenor Street, W1 (MAY 1463). Opens 10 pm. Membership 2 guineas a year. Backgammon, blackjack, roulette and chemin de fer. Craps table. Minimum stake about 10s

WORLD CUP GIVES HOTELS A PROBLEM

Very grim – that is how one of London's hotel booking bureaux summed up the accommodation situation during the coming World Cup season.

"Worst July since the Coronation," said Mr Michael O'Connor of Ace Hotel Bookings. "We have six telephones ringing non-stop from early morning to late evening. And a fair proportion are asking for July bookings. Whoever decided on that month for the Cup series must have been out of their minds."

Ace Hotel Bookings is one of London's newest accommodation bureaux, founded by 26-year-old London businessman Stephen Morgan and estate agent Martin Birrane. They have more than 50,000 hotel rooms on their books – but you will be lucky to get even one of those during July.

Their service is free to the public. It is paid for by the hotels who supply up-to-the-minute information about cancellations. Since they started at the end of last year, they have moved from 9 Golden Square to 3 Golden Square – to bigger offices.

"Our office is often very like Clapham Junction," said Mr Morgan. "One day we had to find rooms for 120 passengers of two planes grounded at London Airport – at the same time as dealing with normal inquiries. Then we had to find rooms for a party of 200 Swedish businessmen during World Cup month. But that was a couple of months ago. You won't get a block booking for July anywhere in London today."

The Ace office is run by Mr O'Connor, an ex-actor, and Mrs Betty Gee, who used to be a hotel manageress. They both claim a sixth-sense in dealing with inquirers. "We can usually tell whether somebody is genuinely looking for a room or just testing you," said Mr O'Connor. "Although by the time the World Cup is over I doubt if I shall ever want to answer a telephone again."

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DISCS

FIRST FIVE: 1 Avant-Garde, John Coltrane & Don Cherry (Atlantic 587004). 2 The Wondrous World of Sonny & Cher (Atlantic 587006). 3 From Broadway with Love, Nancy Wilson (Capitol T 2433). 4 Nat "King" Cole at the Sands (Capitol T 2434). 5 Of Course, Of Course, Charles Lloyd Quintet (CBS EPG 62347).

A correspondent to *London Life* recently raised what seems to be a widely held complaint against modern pop: he liked most of the music, he said – but why was it often so difficult to hear or understand the words?

This is a preoccupation that also afflicts some of our longer-established disc jockeys. On *Saturday Club* the other day, Brian Matthew appealed jovially to his millions of listeners to interpret Dusty Springfield's words immediately following the title line You Don't Have To Say You Love Me. On *Juke Box Jury* David Jacobs listens approvingly as his middle-aged guests condemn records out of hand if they can't get the lyric on first hearing.

Well, with respect all these *complainants* seem to me wildly off the note. There are a number of good reasons why many lyrics are initially indistinguishable, starting with the cynical one that quite a lot aren't worth listening to anyway. But a far bigger reason is that the most important element in a pop record is the overall sound – and lyrics

Tito Burns has signed a deal with International Talent Association for an American pop invasion this autumn.

must contribute, and be subordinate, to this just as must the recording technique, the arrangements, the voices and the way the instruments are played.

Probably the best-integrated song in this way currently in the charts is The Who's *Substitute* – stunningly original and apt lyrics whose first job is to provide a driving and repetitive chorus line; but which on top of that, once deciphered, have something to say. All Tamla-Motown records follow the same rule: sound first, meaning next. Jonathan King, when he wrote *Everyone's Gone to the Moon*, even went so far as to write deliberately meaningless verse (although in spite of this it added up, in the same way as a surrealist painting). The best current record in France, *l'Elucubrations d'Antoine*, follows much the same principle.

There are other, coarser reasons for muzzy lyrics. Commercially speaking, a record is less boring after – say – 30 hearings if there is still a line which the listener hasn't yet understood. And conceivably, if the lyrics of both *Satisfaction* and *Get Offa My Cloud* had been immediately clear, and their allusions had become apparent, they would both have been on the BBC's banned list.

leonard levesley

RECORD REVIEW BY CAROL FRIDAY

Carol Friday, 17-year-old actress-singer from Harlesden, North London, has just returned from a two-week tour of France and Belgium. She appeared on television and radio and will be returning to Brussels shortly for her own television programme. The Continental press claimed she had "Europe's most beautiful eyes"; the Flemish papers also called her "Mooie Ogen." In Brussels she was voted "New star of 1966" by their largest morning paper. Carol now spends as much time on the Continent as in this country and has developed a taste for the music which is popular across the Channel. It is likely that Londoners travelling abroad this summer will hear many of these records that Carol has chosen.

Sacha Distel. (RCA. 430 092 S)
Caterina. C'était plus fort que tout. J'ai un rendex-vous. Sans toi. Que c'est bon. Chanson sur une seule note. Guitare et copains. Dis-moi barman. Les filles . . . moi j'aime ca! Bon vent me jolie. Paillasse. Rien dans la nuit
Sacha Distel is being challenged by Olivier Despax as France's number one heart throb. I prefer Olivier, but he hasn't any LPs released here yet, so this album will keep me happy for the time being

I was knocked out when I first heard this one. What a collection of wild and woolly sounds. It really shakes the cobwebs out of the gramophone. Put it on and stand clear!

Adamo, Vol II. (EMI. FELP 276 S)
La nuit. A vot' bon coeur. Quand les roses. J'ai pas demandé la vie. Petit Camarade. Grand-père, Grand-mère. Dolce Paola. Les filles du bord de mer. Elle . . . Mauvais garçon. Si jamais. Le grand jeu
Adamo is a Belgian who amazed everyone by becoming one of the most popular singers in France. This colourful album explains why – it's that fabulous voice

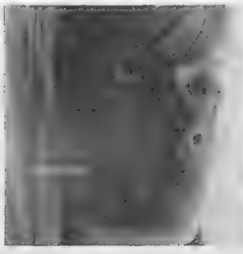
I'd made a major discovery. It turned out she's been popular all over the world for years!

Portrait of Genius. Ravi Shankar. (Fontana. TL 5285)
Time Magazine. Show Magazine. Vancouver Sun. New York Times. Kansas City Times. NY Herald Tribune. Pittsburgh Post. Los Angeles Times
Indian Sitar music is just starting to become popular in France. I first heard of Ravi Shankar when I read about the Beatles digging it. I think LPs of this music sweep Europe

Arrivederci Italia. (Columbia. 83 502)
Bikini-Tamoure. Amor, mon amour, my love. Twist Italiano. Vola, Vola, Vola. La Montanara. Il Pullover. Buona Notte. Un palla colorata. Viva l'amor. Sterne uber Napoli. So wie du, so lieb ist keine. Quando, quando, quando
Even if this is not very sophisticated Italian music, this album made me pine for Italy

Françoise Hardy. (Pye. VRL 3021)
Ce petit coeur. Il se fait tard. Tout ce qu'on m'a dit. L'amitié. En t'attendant. Je T'aime. Non ce n'est pas un rêve. Quel mal y a-t-il a ça. Tu peux bien. Le temps des souvenirs. Je pensais. Dis lui non
I can't get over the talent of Françoise Hardy. She breathes all sorts of emotions into this album. No wonder she's the leader of the French pack

Richard Anthony. (Columbia. FPX 274)
La corde au cou. Si tu as besion d'un ami. Les filles d'aujourd'hui. Puisque je pense encore a toi. Pas comme les autres. Ce monde. Ne me dis pas. Et quelque chose me dit. Bien qu'on s'aime. Chante Heigh-Ho. Souviens – toi. Ne t'en fais pas pour moi
The treatment Richard Anthony gives this selection of international pop songs makes you think they were written especially for him. In fact he just adds a touch of French spice. He sounds as though he's singing with a Gauloise in each corner of his mouth



TELEVISION

FIRST FIVE: 1 Three Rousing Tinkles, N F Simpson series (BBC-2, 7 May, 9.40 pm). 2 Frankie Vaughan Show (ITV, 7 May, 8.35 pm). 3 Jimmy Tarbuck at the Prince of Wales (ITV, 8 May, 8.25 pm). 4 Professor Beware with Harold Lloyd (BBC-1, 8 May, 3.40 pm). 5 Left, Right and Centre with Alastair Sim (BBC-1, 8 May, 7.25 pm).

Eric Maschwitz, at an age when many men are thinking about hitting the pension-scheme jackpot and concentrating on their begonias – he was born in 1901 – is in the thick of producing one of ITV's most popular series. The programme *Our Man From St Mark's* is as blandly wholesome as a parish magazine: an unlikely success; and Maschwitz, kindly and enthusiastic as anyone's favourite uncle, is an unlikely ITV man.

Once head of light entertainment for BBC television, he resigned in 1963 to become head of scripted series at Rediffusion. Now Stella Richman is doing that job, and Maschwitz has more time for private projects. But he still produces and script edits *St Mark's*.

"It is," he says, "my one little luxury."

St Mark's, with Donald Sinden in the lead, begins another season in June or July. Maschwitz spotted its potential when it was put up as a pilot show three years ago, under the excruciating title *There Was A Young Vicar*.

"Everyone, including friends at the ITA, reminded me that the title was also the first line of at least a dozen obscene limericks," he chuckles. "So we called it *Our Man At St Mark's*, had Leslie Phillips in the lead, and intended it to be a short little affair of eight programmes."

The Musicians' Union is stepping up pressure on the BBC to drop programmes in which pop singers are allowed to mime.

This year brings its fourth season, with Donald Sinden changing to *Our Man From St Mark's* because he is shown as an archdeacon, with duties at a cathedral.

Rediffusion are telerecording location scenes at Lincoln Cathedral, with the blessing (not quite literally) of the dean and chapter. "A number of eminent clerics approve of us," Maschwitz beams. "A few clergymen write to say that their life isn't like the television version, but we have started no big rows. And the Church and the Army are humdingers for taking offence at outside portrayals, so we can't be doing too badly."

He thinks the show is successful because, "Very little light entertainment on television, in the drama area, is deeply *British*. And this is. It wouldn't work, set anywhere else."

He adds: "It is a good programme – a word I'm not happy about – in the sense that it is a nice show, mainly concerning nice people. I hate the word 'nice,' too."

peter magnus

Vivien Merchant and Patrick Allen star in "My Friend Corby," the first of Rediffusion's new series "The Seven Deadly Sins," on Monday 9 May

WEEKEND VIEWING

SATURDAY 30 APRIL

Grandstand: racing from Ascot Heath; golf – Schweppes PGA closed championships 3rd round – at Saunton Golf Club, N Devon; lawn tennis – Davis Cup, Britain v New Zealand at Queen's Club, London. BBC-1

Evening Western. George Montgomery and Ruth Roman appear in *Belle Starr's Daughter*. Produced in 1947, it introduces Ruth Roman in her first acting part. Embittered by the death of her mother, the daughter of the outrageous Belle Starr is torn between old loyalties and her attraction to a young law officer. BBC-1

Norman Vaughan Show. He compères guest stars Russ Conway, Ronnie Hilton, Arthur Worsley and Malcolm Clare. BBC-1

First episode of a new series about *The Trouble Shooters – Is That Tiger, Man?* Stars: Ray Barrett, Robert Hardy. About a team of oilmen who market oil to every country of the world combining adventure with the executive suite theme. BBC-1

Club Night from Offerton Palace Theatre Club, Stockport, is the first programme in a series of four introducing to viewers the actors, personalities and comedians of the North. BBC-1

Cricket – West Indies v the Duke of Norfolk's XI at Arundel, Sussex. Racing from Beverley, Yorks. ITV, 1.10

Act of Violence starring Van Heflin, Robert Ryan and Janet Leigh. Haunted by the memory of a cowardly act, Frank Enley has fled from the one man who knew about it and sought early revenge. ITV, 7.10

Arthur Haynes Show. Guest stars Barbara Law and the New Faces (two men and girl – rather like the Springfields and the Seekers). ITV, 8.35

Sergeant Cork – *The Case of the Horseless Carriage*. He investigates the death of Charles Stevens, who has invented a horseless carriage. ITV, 9.10

ABC Armchair Theatre presents *The Match* by Norman Bogner. Starring Lee Montague, with John Franklyn Robbins. Two prosperous families face upheaval when a boy and girl of different religions want to make a mixed marriage. ITV, 10.15

Repeat of the first episode of Kenneth More in *Lord Raingo*. Set in 1918 after the First World War, it is described as a contemptuous story of the governing classes and their disregard for human life and suffering. BBC-2

Alan Whicker's World is called *A Certain Feeling of Bliss and of Unseriousness*. He takes a look at Munich's annual carnival, *Fasching*, a pre-Lent spree and every German's idea of heaven. BBC-2

German film *Kirmes* is directed by Wolfgang Staudte. During the preparation of a village fair in Westphalia the body of a man is dug up. A woman recognises it as her son, who had deserted from the army, and insists that his story should be known. The story is told in flashbacks and aims at showing the futility of war and the sacrifices it demands from innocent people. BBC-2

SUNDAY 1 MAY

Cricket – a series of matches played under knock-out rules by the International Cavaliers XI, captained by Denis Compton, against Cambridge University XI, captained by Ted Dexter. BBC-2

The Natural History Programme takes wild chimpanzees as its main subject. Introduced by Dr John Napier with Jane Van Lawick-Goodall discussing her work with Dr John Crook and Dr Richard Andrew. BBC-2

Erskine Childers and Robert Mackenzie talk to U-Thant, Secretary-General of United Nations, for half an hour. BBC-2

Theatre 625 – *Semi-Detached*. Written by David Turner with Leonard Rossiter, Bridget Turner, Alison Leggatt and Barrie Ingham. A classical comedy with a sharp and funny dialogue. Fred is an insurance salesman who ambitiously wants to remain respectable and marry his daughter to the heir of a local button factory who has, in fact, been cut out of his father's will. The play was written for the Cathedral Inauguration Festival at Coventry and two of the original cast appear in this television production. BBC-2

Gary Cooper appears in the afternoon film *The General Died at Dawn*. BBC-1

Evening film stars Marlene Dietrich and Ray Milland. A British intelligence officer reveals the romantic and exciting story of his past. BBC-1

The Sunday Night Programme is called *Menuhin at 50*. BBC-1

Helter Skelter is the afternoon film, a crazy comedy starring all the British comedians imaginable – David Tomlinson, Terry-Thomas, Jon Pertwee, Jimmy Edwards, Wilfrid Hyde White and Bill Fraser. Screenplay by Patrick Campbell. The quest to cure an attractive girl of hiccups involves a mysterious stranger, Cupid the parrot, an Egyptian and even a swim in the broadcasting control room. ITV, 4.05

Cleo Laine on *Thank Your Lucky Stars* at 3.30. ITV

Date With Music deals with the work of an Australian composer, Malcolm Williamson. ITV, 6.35

The Persuaders is the title of the weekly *Baron* series with Steve Forrest and Georgina Ward. The Baron's assistant is kidnapped and held hostage in an effort to persuade the Baron to take part in a strange art swindle. ITV, 7.25

Jimmy Tarbuck at the Prince of Wales with guest stars King Brothers and Lulu. ITV, 8.25

SPORT

More beer will be drunk at Twickenham on Saturday than during any other match of the year. Across the pitch, at approximately 5.30 pm, 4,000 youngsters will play the biggest improvised game of Rugby in the world. And at least two spectators will have flown from India and Kuwait for the day. No, the Rugby Football Union is not staging a Bacchanalian orgy. It is merely Seven-a-Side finals day.

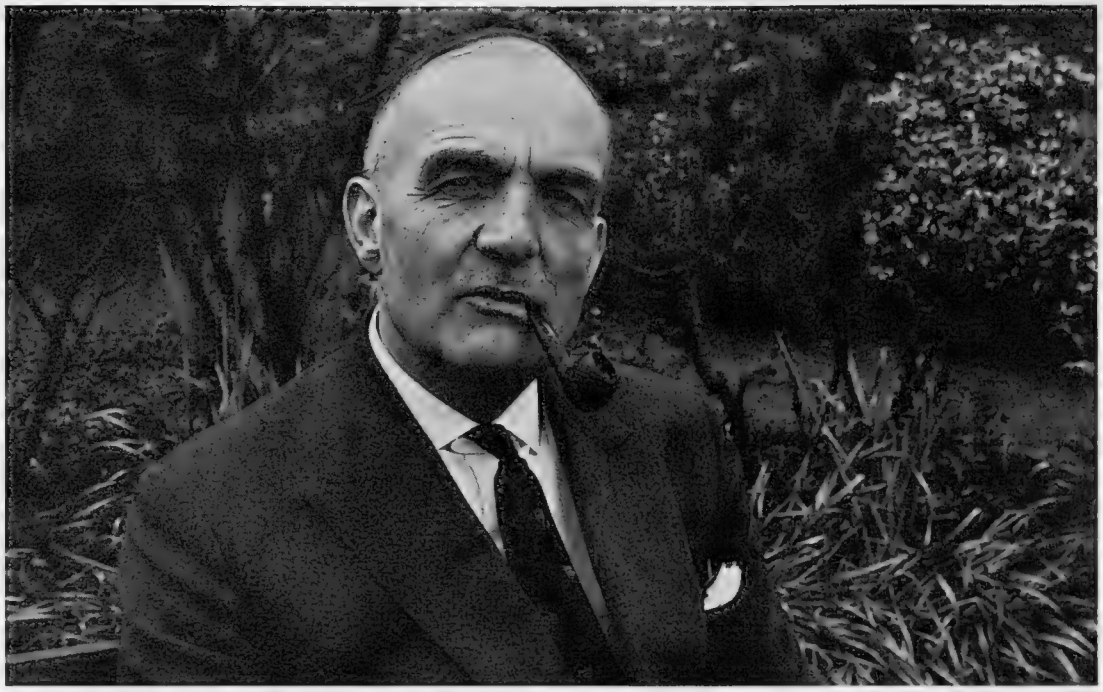
The Sevens are organised by Middlesex RFU. They were started in 1926 after a Scots doctor member of the Middlesex club persuaded them to import the (until then) purely Scots method of speeding up Rugby Union. That first year – and, indeed, for the next four years – the competition was won by Harlequins. With their victory last year, London Scottish have now equalled that record and they are favourites to win again on Saturday and create a new record. After 10 years of the Sevens it was decided to invite two guest teams a year. This year they are Northampton and Gala, from Galashiels, Scotland.

International football at Wembley on Saturday: England v Germany Schoolboys' International (3 pm) and England v Yugoslavia full international 7.45 pm.

At the start of the competition this year, a week ago, 239 sides started out to be among the final 12 sides, who start playing at Twickenham at 12.40 on Saturday. Mr Barry Boyden, the organiser behind the festival, reckoned that with reserves as well as first-team players, there were 2,500 men involved at the outset. "Given good weather," he says, "we'll get about 40,000 spectators. We've got two large dressing rooms and we keep the teams moving. So there should not be any hanging around." Each match lasts 14 minutes, with a 20-minute final. The finalists will have already played three games during the day.

It is between the semi-finals and the final, which starts at 6.10 pm, that the traditional 2,000-a-side youngsters' free-style match takes place. Explains Mr Boyden: "Somehow or other they always find a ball. The committee did think of stopping it at one time but oddly enough it's the parents who are staunch supporters. So they let it continue. It's an incredible sight." A Rugby Union equivalent to the bull-running at Pamplona.

michael wale



Mr Barry Boyden, organiser of the Seven-a-Side festival. The finals will be held at Twickenham on Saturday.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

First Division

Fulham v Stoke City. Craven Cottage. Sat 3 pm. (District Line to Putney Bridge, then pleasant short riverside walk.) Will it be today that we finally know that Fulham will still be in the First Division next season? They should beat Stoke

Tottenham Hotspur v Burnley. White Hart Lane. Sat 3 pm. (Trains from Liverpool Street to White Hart Lane)

West Ham v Manchester United. Upton Park. Sat 3 pm. (District Line to Upton Park.) Always take the opportunity to see United with Messrs Best, Law and Charlton among the most exciting footballers in Europe

Third Division

Millwall v Swansea Town. The Den. Sat 3.15 pm. (Metropolitan Line to New Cross Gate.) Millwall should be sure of promotion by now, so perhaps it is not asking their supporters too much to relax. Matches here at present have a certain explosive quality

Queen's Park Rangers v Shrewsbury Town. Loftus Road. Sat 3.15 pm. (Metropolitan Line to Shepherd's Bush, or Central Line to White City, then short walk.) Rangers will probably have to wait another year for promotion but they play attractive football with that enigma Mr Marsh bringing class to the forward line

RUGBY UNION

Middlesex Seven-a-Side finals. Twickenham. Sat 12.40. (Trains from Waterloo to Twickenham. Or District Line to Richmond, then bus 73 outside Richmond police station.) The day 40,000 enthusiasts look forward to all season. It may be the last day of the season but these are surely the most exciting matches

FLAT RACING

Ascot Heath. Fri, Sat 2 pm. (Trains from Waterloo to Ascot. Green Line coach 701.) Big races Fri: Crocker Bulteel Stakes. 7 furlongs. Entries include Auskerry, disappointing failure in Free Handicap. Also York winner Lad's Love. White Rose Stakes (3-year-olds), 1½ miles. Ones to watch include Carpinus (9-5), penalised 10. lb for win at Newcastle, Princely Fire (9-2) and Crozier carrying same weight. Saturday. The Victoria Cup, 7 furlongs. Used to be run at now defunct Hurst Park course. A good betting race. Last year's winner Princelone carries 4 lb. more than when he won by three lengths. Newmarket runners Aberdeen (8-7) and Burning Torch (8-11) nicely weighted. Paradise Stakes. 2 miles. At last we seem to be getting more stayers' races. Prince Hansel is a course winner over 1½ miles; Aegian Blue won Kempton's Queen's Prize. Lord Derby's Alcalde (8-4) won at Liverpool and may be best bet here

Windsor. Mon 2 pm. (Metropolitan and Piccadilly Lines to Uxbridge, then local bus shuttle service to course. Green Line coaches 704, 705, 718, 725)

Alexandra Park. Tues 2 pm. (Train from King's Cross to Wood Green. Northern and Piccadilly Lines to Finsbury Park, then buses 212, 233)

Chester. Tues, Wed, Thurs. (Special trains to Chester from Paddington. Ring AMB 6767.) The Queen will be spending two days at this meeting. Completely circular course means you should not bet until you know the draw. Low numbers hold advantage. Another case for overnight draw. Wake up, Jockey Club

STEEPLECHASING

Folkestone. Mon 2 pm. United Hunts meeting. (Trains from Victoria to Folkestone.) Unofficial Southern point-to-pointers' championship

CRICKET

MCC v Yorkshire. Lords, Sat, Mon, Tues. 11.30 am each day. (Bakerloo Line to St John's Wood. Buses 2, 2a, 13, 59a, 74, 74a, 74b, 113, 159, 187.) First London game of season. Watch for Yorkshire's fast bowler Trueman. MCC v Surrey. Lords. Wed, Thurs. 11.30 am

GREYHOUND RACING

Big race of the week. Mon, Harringay. Charity meeting in aid of Bowater's Printers' Pension Fund. 7.30 pm. Also 7.30 pm Fri. (Piccadilly Line to Manor House)

Park Royal. Mon and Fri 2.30 pm. (Bakerloo Line to Harlesden, then bus)

Hendon. Mon and Fri 7.45 pm. (Northern Line to Brent)

Stamford Bridge. Thurs 2.30 pm. Sat 6.15 pm. (District Line to Fulham Broadway, then short walk)

Walthamstow. Tues and Sat 7.45 pm. (Buses 34, 58, 144 to Crooked Billet, then short walk)

White City. Thurs, Sat 7.30 pm. (Central Line to White City.) Good restaurant

Wimbledon. Wed, Fri 7.45 pm. (District Line to Wimbledon, then express bus to track.) Good restaurant

Wembley. Fri, Mon 7.45 pm. (Metropolitan and Bakerloo Lines to Wembley Park.) Good restaurant. Cocktail bar

MOTOR-CYCLE RACING

Brand's Hatch. Sun 12.30. Camathias Memorial National races. (Trains from Victoria to Swanley)

AMATEUR BOXING

Empire Pool. Wembley. Fri. Amateur Boxing Association championships. Semi-finals. 4 pm. Finals 8 pm

SPEEDWAY

Hackney v Exeter. Hackney Stadium. Fri 8 pm. (Buses 6, 6a, 6b, 30, 178 to Hackney Wick. Bus 236 express from Leyton Town Hall, Hackney Wick and Stratford Broadway)

Wimbledon v Oxford. Wimbledon. Sat 7.45 pm. (District Line to Wimbledon)

West Ham v Cradley. West Ham. Tues 7.45 pm. (District Line to Plaistow, then express bus)

POLO

Cowdray Park. Sat and Sun 3 pm. First rounds and semi-finals. Tyro Cup. (Trains Waterloo to Midhurst. Drive A3 from London, then A286 to Midhurst.) Opening of the polo season. Beautiful surroundings of Cowdray Park

PROPERTY

At the end of the coming summer term, Heysham Private School will close its doors, dismiss its pupils and pack away fingered school books for the last time. This largish, flat-faced, stolid house is up for sale by auction on 4 May. Set in its own half-acre of playground and rough garden, in a quiet suburban part of Hampstead (off the Heath at the end of a private road), it preserves a middle-class dignity – red brick, bay windows, dark halls, downstairs lavatories, square rooms. There is a self-contained flat on the second (top floor) of three rooms, kitchen and bathroom, six rooms on the first floor (which includes a maid's bedroom and bathroom) and four rooms and kitchen on the ground floor. The house has been a children's school since 1919 and the change of ownership will mark the beginning of a new phase for a 60-year-old house. The agents are Knight, Frank & Rutley in conjunction with Potters of Hampstead

● In contrast and not far from Heysham School is Number 40, Avenue Road, St John's Wood. Surrounded by lawns, terraces, lily pond, garage and chauffeur's flat, this mock Georgian house requires an owner who both enjoys entertaining and can part with a neat £150,000. Downstairs is large and spacious with three intercommunicating doors, double french windows, oak staircase and minstrel's gallery, marble mantlepieces and pilaster columns. There are staff quarters, roof terraces, double bedrooms, lots of bathrooms and so it goes on . . . and on. . . . The kitchen has just had £4,000 spent on it, so there must be more than simple fume extractors, built-in dishwashers and several gas cookers. Once owned by Lord Rank, the lease has about 70 years to run. Cyril Leonard & Co are handling the private sale

● In a fairly populated area (due to comfortable commuting distance of London) with the suburban overflow of Tunbridge Wells spilling south, it is gratifying to come across an attractive and large genuine Elizabethan house still protected by its own acreage, farm buildings and cottages. The entire property, residential and agricultural is, however, due to be sold by auction as a whole or in three lots by Curtis and Henson on 15 July at Tunbridge Wells. Lot 1 is the house itself – Old Shoyswell Manor – two cottages, the farm buildings, stable yard, tennis court and 214 acres of fields and woodland. Lot 2 is the lodge "High Den" at the drive entrance and Lot 3 is "Geoffries View," a small red-brick house on the north side of the estate. Old Shoyswell Manor, despite its historical and architectural aspirations, is modernised and centrally heated.

● *Pied-à-terre* accomodation in Kennington, where a four-storey block of flats and shops is part of a large scheme for the redevelopment of a 10-acre site between Kennington Road and Kennington Lane. Dryden Court consists of 48 small flats, some with one bedroom, some simple bedsitters. The flats are nearly ready for letting at prices ranging from £365 to £615 per annum. Sole letting agents are Allsop & Co, 21 Soho Square, W1 (REG 8841), and F D Whiting, 59 Frith Street, W1

fiona bird

Front view of No. 40 Avenue Road, NW8. The doorway is original Adam from Blenheim Palace.

Artist's impression of the 10-acre development in Kennington. Dryden Court is the block in the centre foreground.

Old Shoyswell Manor, showing farm buildings and front lawn.

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MISCELLANY

LECTURES

British Museum, Bloomsbury, WC1 (MUS 1555)
Th 28 Apr: Chinese Painting (illustrated), 11.30. Some Masterpieces of drawing from the Print Room. 3.0
F 29 Apr: Peru before the Spanish Conquest. 11.30. Biblical Manuscripts. 3.0
Sat 30 Apr: Medieval society in medieval antiquities. 11.30. Moslem antiquities (illustrated). 3.0
M 2 May: The British Museum Founders and Collectors. 11.30. Prehistoric Society of Europe. 3.0
T 3 May: The Elgin Marbles. 11.30. Early Development of Writing. 3.0
W 4 May: The Anglo-Saxons; Sutton Hoo. 11.30. Ur and the Sumerians. 3.0

Buddhist Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1 (TAT 1313)
T 3 May: Introductory Course. Lesson I. 6.30
Caxton Hall, SW1
W 4 May: Buddhist Public Meeting to celebrate WESAK, 7.30

Fifty-Nine Society of Kensington, Central Library, Campden Hill Road, W8
Th 28 Apr: The Significance of Bernard Shaw, Lord Sorenson. 8.0

French Institute, Queensberry Place, South Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6211)
Th 28 Apr: L'enigme des frères Le Nain – état du problème, Jaques Thuillier. 6.15
F 29 Apr: La Nouvelle Critique, Professor Georges Poulet. 6.15
W 4 May: Poussin et la Tradition française classique, William Stewart. 6.15

German Institute, 51 Princes Gate, Exhibition Road, SW7 (KEN 3648)
T 3 May: Persönliche Erinnerungen an Martin Buber: Eine Würdigung, Dr Robert Weltsch. 8.0

Geological Museum, Exhibition Road, S Kensington, SW7 (KEN 9441)
Th 28 Apr: Desert Landforms and Erosion. 3.0
Sat 30 Apr: Films – Oil from the Sahara Desert. 3.0
T 3 May: Geology and Scenery in the Western Isles. 3.0
W 4 May: Introducing Minerals I. 3.0

Gresham College, Basinghall Street, EC2 (MON 2433)
M 2, T 3, W 4 May: Rhetoric – Composition of Poetry, Patric Dickinson. 5.45

Guildhall Art Gallery, Guildhall Yard, EC2 (MON 3030)
W 4 May: Poetry Readings. 6.0

Institute of Archaeology, 31-34 Gordon Square, WC1 (EUS 6052)
T 3 May: Excavation in the Neolithic Settlement at Saliagos, Antiparos, 1965. Professor Evans and A C Renfrew. 5.45

Institute of Contemporary Art, 17-18 Dover Street, W1 (GRO 6186)
Th 28 Apr: Wittgenstein and the Artist, Father Cyril Barrett. 8.15

London Literary Circle, Hope House, 45 Great Peter Street, SW1
Th 28 Apr: Walking Through Mayfair, Reginald Colby. 6.45

Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, SW7 (KEN 6323)
Th 28 Apr: British Birds (illustrated). 3.0. British Towns, Alfred Leutscher. 7.0
F 29 Apr: British Amphibians and Reptiles (illustrated). 3.0. British Gardens, Alfred Leutscher. 7.0
Sat 30 Apr: Living with Nature (illustrated). 3.0
M 2 May: Life in the Trees (with films). 3.0
T 3 May: Life in Deserts (with films). 3.0
W 4 May: Life in Water (with films). 3.0

Royal Society of Arts, John Adam Street, WC2 (TRA 2366)
W 4 May: Modern English Silversmithing, Professor Goodden. 2.30

Science Museum, Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6371)
Th 28 Apr: Industrial Chemistry, John van Riemsdijk. 3.0
Sat 30 Apr: Science and Music, John van Riemsdijk. 3.0
T 3 May: Aeronautics, Victor Wall. 3.0

Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1 (TAT 4444)
Th 28 Apr: Modern Sculpture (Space and Movement), Laurence Bradbury. 3.0
Sat 30 Apr: Romantic Landscape, Evelyn Meetham. 3.0
T 3 May: Stanley Spencer, Evelyn Meetham. 1.0. Turner's Watercolours, Evelyn Meetham. 3.0

Victoria & Albert Museum, Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6371)
Th 28 Apr: Portraiture in Sculpture, Charles Avery. 1.15
Sat 30 Apr: John Flaxman, Suzanne Lodge. 3.0. English Silver 1690-1750, Elizabeth Murdoch. 3.0
T 3 May: Gothic Painting, Eve King. 1.15
W 4 May: Rococo 2: Germany. 1.15

Wallace Collection, Manchester Square, W1 (WEL 0687)
F 29 Apr: Reynolds and Gainsborough, Miss McDonald Taylor. 2.30

City of London College, Moorgate, EC2 (MON 8112)
F 29 Apr: Michelangelo and Sculpture at the Height of the Italian Renaissance, Erna Auerbach. 6.15

College of St Mark and St John, SW10
Sun 1 May: Workshop and Interview with Morton Feldman. 8.0

LUNCH HOUR

THURS 28 APRIL

Recital: Gordon Phillips, organ. All Hallows Berkyngechirche-by-Tower. 12.15 & 1.15

Films: *Atlantic Region* (Canada) and *Diamond People* (Sierra Leone) Commonwealth Institute. 12.30 & 1.15

Lecture: The Colossal Bust of Ramese II. British Museum. 1.0

Films: *Industrial Application of Ultrasonics, Crystal Structure* and *The Trail of the Litter Lout.* Science Museum. 1.0

Lecture Service. St Olave, Hart Street. 1.5

Lecture: Difficulties of Christian Belief – It was all so long ago. The Rev Richard Harries. St Mary-le-Bow. 1.5

Recital: Evelyn Sargent, piano, Leonard Warner, organ. St Botolph, Bishopsgate. 1.10

Lecture: Portraiture in Sculpture, Charles Avery. Victoria & Albert Museum. 1.15

Community Hymn Singing. St Mary-at-Hill, Eastcheap. 1.15

FRI 29 APRIL

Recital: Richard Townend, organ. St Stephen, Walbrook. 12.30

Films: *Atlantic Region* (Canada) and *Diamond People* (Sierra Leone). Commonwealth Institute. 12.30 & 1.15

Records of Wagner, Mozart, Strauss, Liszt, Elgar. Former Council Chamber, Walworth Road, SE17. 12.30

Films: *Industrial Application of Ultrasonics, Crystal Structure* and *The Trail of the Litter Lout.* Science Museum. 12.30

Lecture: The Battle of Agincourt. British Museum. 1.0

Recital: Michael Austin, organ. St Olave, Hart Street. 1.5

Records: St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. 1.5

Singers' Workshop. St Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street. 1.5

Records of Bach and Vaughan Williams. Holy Sepulchre, Holborn Viaduct. 1.15

MON 2 MAY

Netball Matches. Lincolns Inn Fields. 12.0 & 1.0

Films: *Our Story in Stamps* (Malaysia and *Ruhunu National Park* (Ceylon) and *Barbican Regained* (UK). Commonwealth Institute. 12.30 & 1.15

Hi Fi Music. All Hallows Berkyngechirche-by-the-Tower. 1.0

Lecture: The Lindisfarne Gospels – illuminated manuscripts of the Dark Ages. British Museum. 1.0

Records of de Falla. St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. 1.5

Music Club, St Mary-at-Hill, Eastcheap. 1.15

TUES 3 MAY

Netball Matches. Lincolns Inn Fields. 12.0 & 1.0

Films: *Our Story in Stamps* (Malaysia), *Ruhunu National Park* (Ceylon) and *Barbican Regained* (UK). Commonwealth Institute. 12.30 & 1.15

Records of Sullivan, Brahms, Verdi. St Giles, Cripplegate. 1.0

Recital: William Tubbs, organ. St Margaret, Lothbury. 1.0

Lecture: The Standard from Ur. British Museum. 1.0

Recital: Peter Orme, organ. St Clement, King William Street. 1.0

Lecture: Stanley Spencer, Evelyn Meetham. Tate Gallery. 1.0

Dialogue between the Archbishop of London and Dilys Powell. St Mary-le-Bow. 1.5

Recital: Allegri String Quartet. 2s 6d. Bishopsgate Hall. 1.5

Singers' Workshop. St Katherine Cree, Leadenhall Street. 1.5

Recital: John and Susan Tunnell, violin and piano. 1s 6d. Fairfield Hall, Croydon. 1.5

WED 4 MAY

Concert: The Royal Corps of Transport. Finsbury Circus Garden. 12.0

Netball Matches. Lincolns Inn Fields. 12.0 & 1.0

Lecture: They Met at the Cross, the Rev Alan Cook. St Peter-upon-Cornhill. 12.30

Films: *Our Story in Samps* (Malaysia), *Ruhunu National Park* (Ceylon) and *Barbican Regained* (UK). Commonwealth Institute. 12.30 & 1.15

Films: *TV Comes to the Land* and *All in a Lifetime (the Story of Oil).* 12.45

Recital: Margaret Cobb, organ. St Lawrence Jewry-next-Guildhall. 1.0

Lecture: Louis XV Furniture, Elizabeth Murdoch. The Wallace Collection, Manchester Square. 1.0

Lecture: An Assyrian Siege Relief, British Museum. 1.0

Recital: Charles Corp, tenor, Peggy Grummitt, piano. Holy Sepulchre, Holborn Viaduct. 1.15

Limborough Lecture, Canon Cecil. St Katherine Cree, Leadenhall Street. 1.15

Lecture: Rococo II – Germany, Derek Shrub. Victoria & Albert Museum. 1.15

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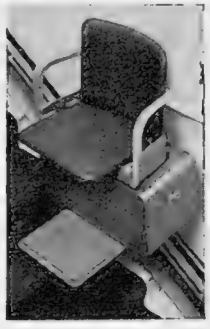

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something to say...

Abrupt Londoners

Having returned quite recently from abroad, I am more convinced than ever that Londoners can be the world's most abrupt and unco-operative people when it comes to helping overseas visitors with their casual inquiries. A question asked in halting English usually brings a look of irritation, followed by an impertinent wave of the arm in an indefinable direction, with the instructions bellowed at breakneck speed, as the informant rushes away.

I am sure this attitude springs from the basic idea that all foreigners are very shady characters and to be avoided. Continentals are only too happy to try and address a foreigner in whatever language he speaks, rather than have him (the visitor) put to the embarrassment and difficulty of struggling to ask a simple question.

Of course, there is the other extreme. In dear old Ireland I once foolhardily asked a Dublin man the way to Tipperary – and by the time he had finished passing the time of day I could have walked there.

Peter Elliott,
Talk of the Town,
Leicester Square, WC1

TV quiz

I have often wondered if the viewer at home is getting a fair deal with the television services. Take, for example, the TV licence: all viewers regardless of how many channels they can watch on their set, must have the same licence. Why should they pay for the service of BBC-2 if they cannot, or do not, want to watch it? And is it fair to the honest public to raise the TV licence in order to pay for all those who refuse to buy one, and get away with it? Take the manufacturers: their sales jumped when a special set was needed to receive BBC-2. It will be the same with the fourth black-and-white channel and the colour channel.

Colour television is coming – good. But here again, why choose the German system PAL after prefering the American NTSC and also knowing that the rest of Europe will adopt the French system SECAM? Because of potential sales in this country. But who is considering the advantages for the viewers?

Finally, consider the television magazines. Why should the public have to buy two different magazines in order to know what's on? I am told it is a question of copyright reserved for the convenience of BBC and the 14 independent TV companies.

Serge Lemoine,
Holmdene Avenue, NW7

Vanishing London

Do you live on the outskirts of London? Is there still a charming countrified atmosphere somewhere among the hideous morass of utilitarian contemporary architecture? Then you can be sure your Council has its eye on it. They, in their supposed wisdom, probably consider it to be an anachronism. Can't wait to erect yet another monstrosity that will mark the graveyard of England's once green and pleasant land.

"We promised to build *x* thousand houses," screamed the politicians of all parties. Whenever I hear that cry, I dread for the safety of yet another piece of landscape. The South of England is all too quickly becoming one vast suburb of London – the odd sports ground completely surrounded by supermarkets and villa marinas.

"How can you live in the centre of London?" ask my friends. Thanks to the foresight of our forefathers, there's Hyde Park, Regent's Park and Hampstead Heath. But could the day arrive when the vote-catching politicians will place their thieving hands on these handsome properties? Nothing, I know, is sacred. However, I feel we Central Londoners are a great deal safer than those who live in the ever-tightening "green belts." So watch out – *you* could be next.

Peter Murray,
Montagu Mansions, W1

Sorry plight

I have noted Miss Pat Larthe's letter with a certain amount of amazement, but, really – it's just too much.

I've lost count of the number of times I have read in various magazine articles concerning the sorry plight of the starlet who only did those pictures "because I was starving." As a photographer who has specialised in the glorification of the feminine form for a very, very long time, I can only say that this type of handout is a complete load of eyewash (there is a more explicit word, but I'm sure you couldn't use it).

In the whole of my career, never have I had to drug, kidnap or twist a girl's arm, to encourage her to take off her clothes for my camera. Come to that, I can't even remember wandering the streets of London looking for starving young ladies without a roof over their heads. No, the models or starlets who have posed for me, and I'm sure, other photographers, have always been happy to do so. After all, there are about 10 jobs for every applicant to choose from in either department stores or offices. Did Miss Langley try these before she was compelled to bare her attributes?

George Harrison Marks,
Saffron Hill, EC1

London in Scotland

Despite the fact that we live at "the last outpost," and my husband and I are a couple of "squares," I feel I must let you know how very much we enjoy *London Life* and both of us read it from cover to cover. When bank balance permits and we make one of our all too infrequent trips to London, we will find all the excellent information given in your publication of inestimable value.

Myra Rushforth,
Fort George, Ardersier,
Inverness-shire

Soho memoires

I read with some interest your article on Soho (19 March) and note that a story of Soho is being written by Geoffrey Bernard and Frank Norman. My own association dates back to 1923-25 when I attended the Ecole de Notre Dame de France in Lisle Street at which school my parents had to pay 1s a week for me to learn French. I am now 55 years old and a waiter; many of my school contemporaries are now chefs, head waiters and restaurant proprietors. Many a waiter could provide the authors with some Soho anecdotes.

For my own part my recollections are of choir practice nights. After practice we would play billiards and snooker in an an upstairs room in the school, the windows of which used to face the dressing-room windows of the old Daly's Theatre and the teachers often used to take a sneaking glance through the windows at the chorus girls undressing. On these nights also I used to earn 1s getting fish and chips for the firemen at the Shaftesbury Avenue fire station.

My last recollection of Soho is taking part in the 1956 Festival Waiters' Race. I came about ninth but was able to return the tray with a half-bottle of Moët and glasses, which I was allowed to keep, plus a prize of a wallet. On the corner of Frith Street and Old Compton Street was "Poverty Corner" (Waiters Gorgen of the '30s), where you hoped to get an extra duck job for a night, or lunch. If too many loitered, they were moved on by the police.

Perhaps my recollections may be of some use to the authors.

George Hilbinger,
1 Mostyn Gardens,
Kensal Rise, NW10

Aussies not so bad

John McLeod criticised the drinking habits of my fellow Australians (*London Life*, 16 April). Not only have you Britons been doing most things, including drinking, so much longer than Australians, but also I would respectfully suggest that some of you may have been generalising and exaggerating so much longer.

John McLeod really should travel overseas one day and notice just how an unfortunate minority of foreigners "carry on" in strange countries – this includes Americans, South Africans and, believe it or not, the British. Those of us who have any common sense, of course, realise that these people are not altogether representative of their country.

Peter Drury,
Edith Grove, SW10

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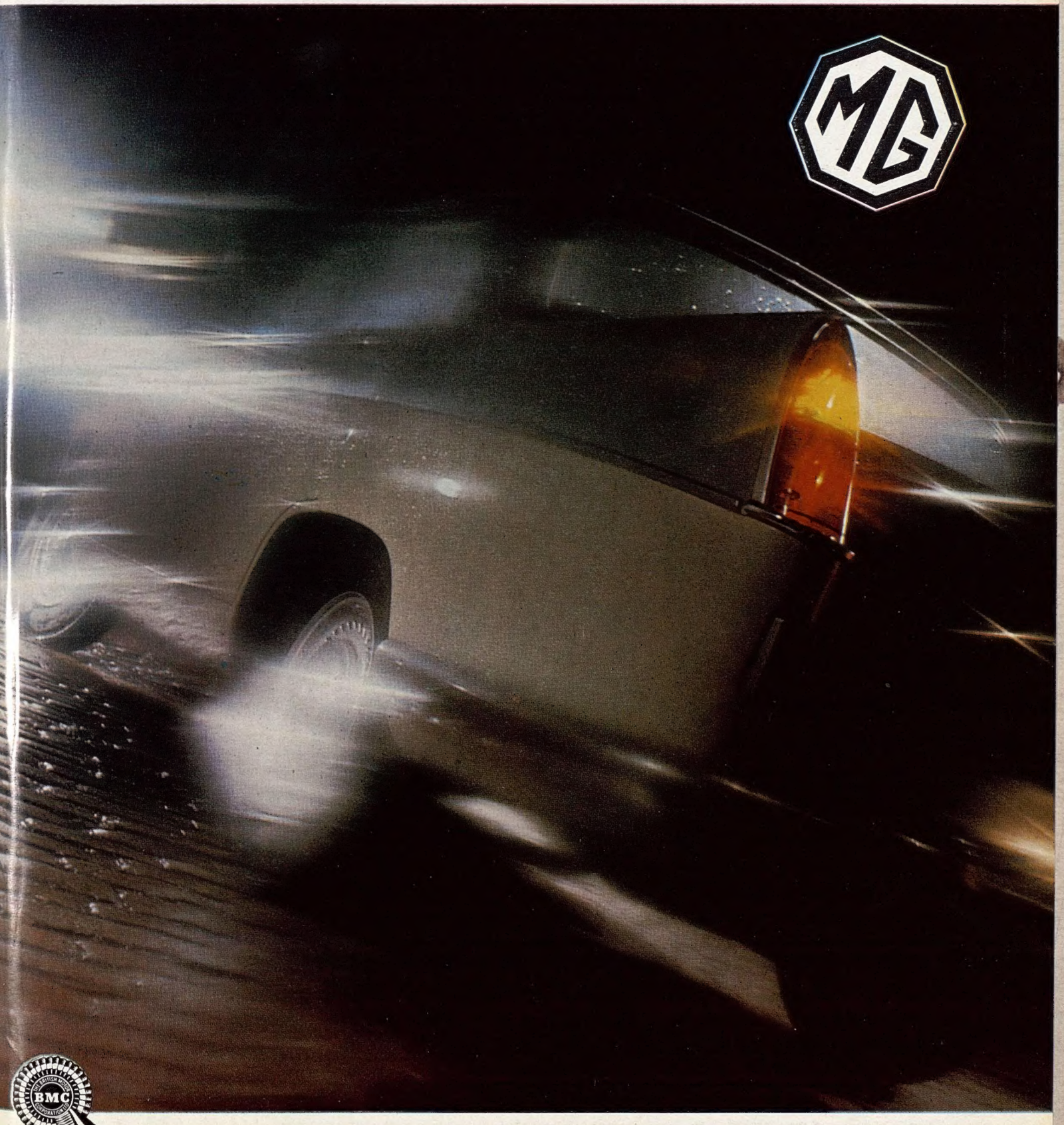

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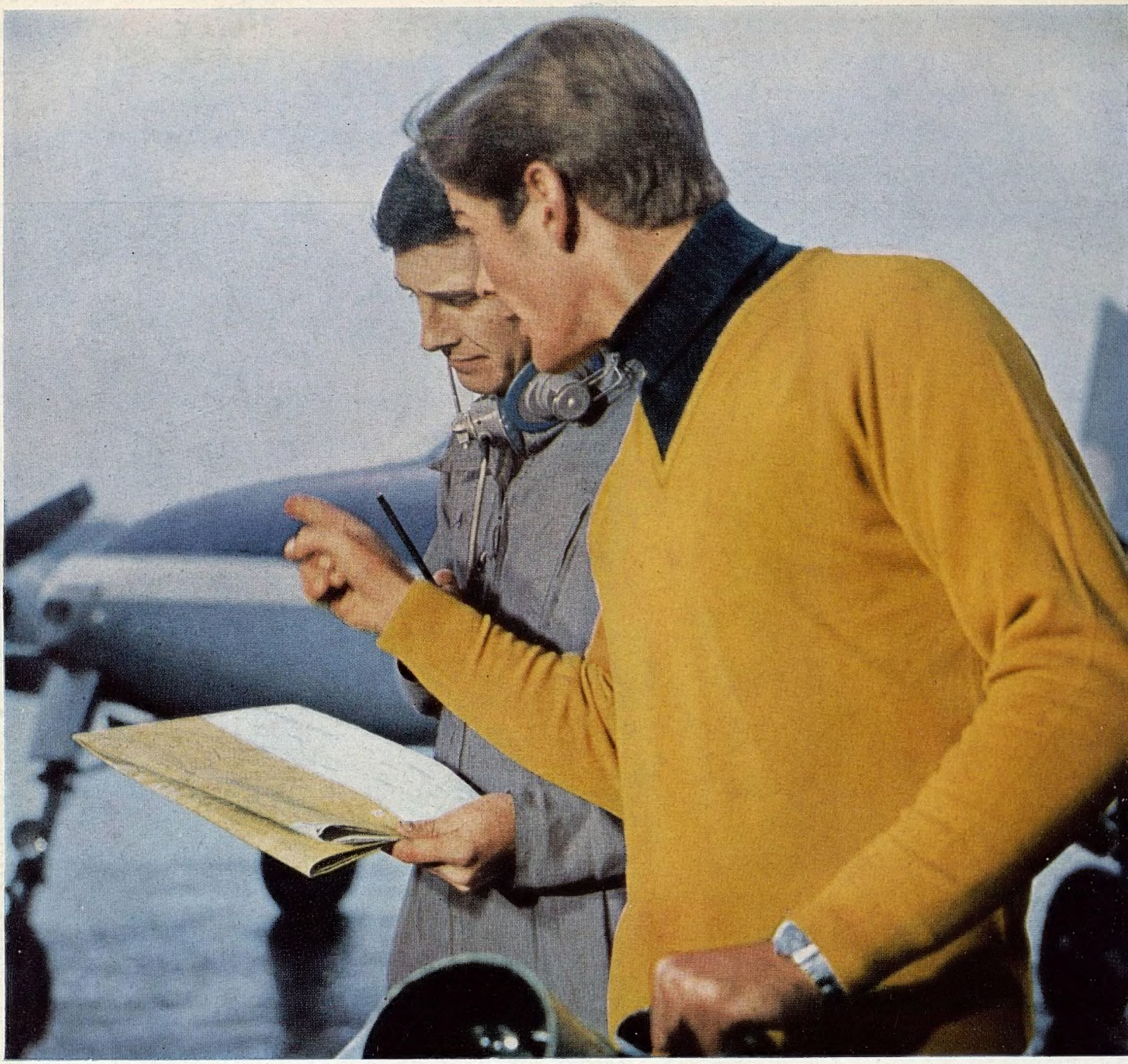

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